







A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
VISIONS  
AND  
ALLEGORIES:

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS,  
FOR THE  
IMPROVEMENT  
OF THE  
YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

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L O N D O N :

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

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ABLES and Allegories have at all times  
been considered as an agreeable and useful  
method of conveying instruction, if proper  
judgment is used in the choice of materials, as they  
bring together entertaining and instructive pieces, scat-  
tered in different volumes, which therefore many per-  
sons would not see at all, and others who possess the  
original works cannot turn to without some difficulty;  
we have therefore made it our chief care in collecting  
these Visions and Allegories, to make use of such only  
as have been approved of by those of the best judgment



and most refined taste, and shall urge no more in the praise of them than what the great Doctor Fordyce has said in his elegant Sermons to Young Women. “As  
“to works of imagination, it is allowed on all hands,  
“that the mind is peculiarly disposed to be fond of  
“them; and surely when blended with instruction, so  
“as to be rendered more immediately subservient to  
“that end, they have a particular claim to attention.  
“In this view we must not forget Fables, Visions, Allegories, and such like compositions, where fancy  
“sports under the controul of reason.” It is therefore hoped that this collection will be of use to allure young minds to the practice of virtue, which is the hearty wish of the publishers.





# VISIONS and ALLEGORIES

F O R

Y O U T H.

## THE CAVE OF NOTHING.

AN ALLEGORY.

S Critilus, the celebrated traveller, was proceeding on his journey attended by his faithful guide, or Mentor; their way lay through a spacious field, promiscuously covered with flowers and weeds, with here and there a fruit-tree, though rare, to variegate the prospect, which was terminated by a very high mountain, on the top of which the castle of Fame was situated, the height of whose towers and battlements seemed to lose itself in the skies, and mix among the stars. Critilus, in his progress over the field that led to this mountain, had kept his eyes so constantly fixed on that elevated object, that he had not remarked the bottom of the hill, at the foot of which they were now arrived; and as Critilus was preparing to go up the narrow path, which alone could

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conduct him up to the castle, his guide jogged him by the elbow, and made him remark, diametrically beneath the castle, and at the lowest point of descent, a dark cave, the mouth of which yawned horrible to the sight, and was only the more conspicuous for its obscurity. The entrance of it was spacious, but without order or symmetry; nothing could be more disgustful or uninviting than the aspect of it, and yet almost the whole world crowded for admission into it. Numbers drove into it with coaches and six, gilt chariots, and gaudy equipages of all sorts, except triumphal cars, of which there was not one to be seen in that road. These, narrow and steep as the avenue was, found means to drive directly up to the castle-gates, which were set open for them.

CRITILUS, moved by his curiosity, enquired of his Mentor, what that cave was. At this, his conductor fetched a deep sigh, and said, "Oh vain cares of man! "Oh nothingness! How great is thy power! How extensive thy dominions!—Know, Critilus, that this is the as notorious as worthless cave; the grave of so many living personages; the eternal ending-post of all to a few, a very few indeed of mankind; the very identical Cave of Nothing. See rush into it the whole current of the age, the torrent of the world, populous cities, pompous courts, and whole kingdoms; and with all these the cave is never the more crowded for them. It remains, without a paradox, only full of emptiness. It is the habitation of the innumerable race of the Nobodies; who as they never were more than nothing, never did more than nothing, so they surely come to no more than nothing."

As they were talking, a middle-aged man came to the mouth of the cave, and made the following speech to them: "Gentlemen, believe me who have tried every thing, I now rest satisfied that there is no condi-



"tion of life preferable to that of doing of nothing," and with these words he slipped into the cave.

PRESENTLY arrived the duke of Morefuch in a gorgeous chariot, of varnished cartridge-paper, drawn by six superb bays, and backed by six footmen, who was driving full-speed into the cave, in spite of all the remonstrances of his relations, and advice of his faithful friends. One of them stopped the chariot for an instant, and said: "In the name of honour, my lord duke, disdain to go into that wretched place: why will you bury yourself alive? You, who owe another account of your life to your illustrious ancestors; you who might serve your country with applause and distinction!"

"I SERVE my country?" replied the duke, with an arrogant smile: "Let my country serve me, and be damned, if it will. I plead privilege, I, to be as good for nothing as I please, and who shall dare to hinder it?" And, so saying, away he drove in, never to be heard of any more than the flies of the last summer.

AFTER him came a young fellow of fortune boxed up in a chair, which, if he had not abused the use of his limbs, he was fitter to work, than be carried in it. As soon as he was set down, and as he was going in, Honour plucked him by the sleeve, and asked him, if he had not better make a campaign or two, and distinguish himself in the army. Thank you for your love, said this candidate for annihilation, I leave that to younger brothers, who have nothing better to do than to get themselves knocked on the head; but "Would you have a man of my fortune expose himself to catch his death of cold in a trench, or his brains, if the having brains was consistent with such a madness, blown out by a damned Hussar? No, no, whilst I can glitter in the boxes, shine away at the public gardens,

“or publish a birth-day suit at court, which indeed is  
 “my only business there, I defy war, and all its works.”  
 —But consider, Sir, you will be good for nothing, if  
 you go on thus.—“May be so. I desire no better  
 “sport. Good for nothing, quotha! why, it is all the  
 “fashion, and would you have me be out of it?”  
 With that this Anti-Curtius took the leap, and fulfilled his ignoble destiny.

IN this manner, whole tribes of illaundables and insignificants poured into the Cave, in such crouds that the world seemed dispeopled. There they went, with all their whole train, equipage, and pomp of vanity. Great titles to blank personages; posts (excuse the paradox) only the emptier for being filled; the soppery of blue, green, and red ribbons, that provoked more derision than respect; parliamentary eloquence set on flow by interest or party pique; side-boards of plate, the vile price of some owner, who had sold himself to some wretch of a minister, if possible more worthless than himself. Running-horses, and packs of dogs, though often more noble animals than that two-legged one which founded his reputation on the keeping them. There they went all together, modern nobility, false honour, rapacious avarice ending in a nothing-meaning accumulation, or a tasteless profusion. The never-fated maw of the Cave of Nothing swallowed all indiscriminately, from the dirty cobbler in his stall at the corner of the street, down to the dirty and equally memorable duke of——, with all his paultry pageantry.

BUT what greatly moved the compassion of Critilus was seeing a good honest hum-drum king brought to the mouth of the Cave amidst a mob of ministers. “I  
 “am sorry, (said Critilus, who knew him perfectly) to  
 “see your majesty on the brink of this miserable abyss:”——so am I too, said the king, with a lament-

able look, but you see I do not go of myself, they carry me. Critilus shook his head, and pitied him from his whole soul.

ON one side of the Cave Critilus saw a personage easily known by his symbols of a scythe and hour-glass, who appeared very busy in shovelling into the Cave all the sumptuous monuments of human folly and vanity; Nero's gilded palace, the baths of Domitian, the gardens of Eliogabalus, and especially those trophies of barbarism and false taste, the modern gallimaufreys of ancient and gothic orders jumbled together, all the nine-bauble-squares of baby-houses, under the denomination of country-seats, or boxes, and the childish abuse of the Chinese taste; in short, all the structures that had not use and taste for their safe-guards.

BUT what sensibly touched Critilus was to see Time laying hold of a book, finely gilt and lettered on the outside, being the presentation-copy of some poor devil of an author to his insolent flattered patron, and in act to consign it to that pit of eternal oblivion. Critilus good-naturedly interposed, and begged to save it. "It is a sign," said the old Inexorable, with a grin of scorn, "that you have not seen the contents; there is nothing in it, but what is even worse than nothing, a heap of nauseous flattery and shameless falsities; inasmuch, that reducing it to nothing, is rather a good office done to it." "But," says Critilus, "ought not the name of its patron to protect and rescue it from this fate, and render it immortal?" "Hah! hah!" replied Time, bursting out into a loud laugh; "the patron of it cannot protect himself from the very same destiny." With that he flung it disdainfully into the pit, and afterwards a number of other books; crying out, "There goes that collection of fulsome adulation, the harangues of the French academy;



“there go all the productions of venal politics, and  
“party-pique; there go tedious romances of Cyrus,  
“Cleopatra, Pharamond, &c. there go comedies without propriety or character, and tragedies without nature.” All these he flung in without mercy or compunction. But he took at the same time special care of distinguishing and preserving those which deserved a place in the library kept in the Castle of Fame; such as Shakespear, Milton, Bacon, Swift, Pope, Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Metastasio, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, and others of the like standard; but all, how few in comparison of the numberless condemned to the endless obscurity of that fatal Cave!

WHILST Time was busied in this operation, Critilus drew near to the mouth of the Cave, and setting his foot on the brink of it, his guide pulled him back, saying, surely you are not so degenerate as to unmake yourself so far as to become one of those cyphers of no account, which you see pouring in by millions? No, replied Critilus, I only want to see what they are doing within there. How, replied the guide laughing, can you hope to see any thing amidst utter darkness, especially as every thing that enters there becomes nothing? Perhaps I may hear something, said Critilus. Yet less, answered the guide: no one is ever heard of more, who is once got in there. I will call out to some, resumed Critilus. How can that be? replied the guide, when even the name of every one there is lost and destroyed. Say, of the infinite number of the living in all ages of the world, what has ever remained of them? No not so much as the memory of their having existed, or that there were such beings. The few whose names are preserved, were either eminent in real patriotism, in military virtue, in arts and sciences, in social worth. The bad, whose names are through the neces-

sity of truth, or for example sake, the incumbrance and the scorn of history, would have been too happy to have been included in this general annihilation. Consider but for an instant the present age, amongst the many myriads which encumber the face of the earth, in so many provinces, kingdoms and empires, who are the few indeed! who have any pretensions to a name? Or where are they to be found? Certainly not amongst the kings, statesmen, or the rest of the ignoble Great of the present run.



## LUXURY AND WANT.

### A VISION.

**A**S late I mus'd on Fortune's ebb and flow,  
Life's airy pleasures, and substantial woe,  
The thoughtless mirth that laughs in Pleasure's eye,  
The boast of Vice, and pride of Vanity,  
O'er nodding Reason downy slumbers stole,  
And Fancy's visions open'd on my soul.

ALOFT, on proud Ionic columns rear'd,  
A sumptuous dome in ruin'd pomp appear'd;  
A baseless pillar here, with moss o'ergrown,  
Press'd earth's green bosom with a length of stone;  
There, a tall portal, sculptur'd once so gay,  
Records no story but its own decay.

I ENTER'D—crouds, who blush'd to be descry'd,  
With famish'd looks, through mould'ring arches glide.  
I paus'd, and, curious as I gaz'd around,  
Saw a lean hag lie stretch'd upon the ground;  
Round either arm a tatter'd rug she drew,  
Her shame conceal'd with rags of various hue;

A cloth her forehead bound, her legs were bare,  
And foul and clotted was her grizzled hair.

“WHENCE and what art thou, wretch?” surpris’d I  
cry’d;

“Want is my name, well known,” the wretch reply’d.

“The work of Luxury, this lofty dome,

“So righteous Jove ordains, is now my home.

“Time was, this roof return’d the dulcet voice

“Of music, blended with a critic’s choice.

“Dependent thence a thousand tapers glow’d,

“The vine’s rich juice from silver fountains flow’d;

“An hundred dainties o’er the board were spread,

“And all Arabia spicy fragrance shed.

“The velvet couches, and the cushion’d chair,

“Swell’d high with down, as soft as summer’s air;

“And female beauty, smiling o’er the scene,

“Spread joy around, of ev’ry joy the queen!

“THEN at these doors, by hunger and by grief

“Oppress’d, with suppliant voice I sought relief:

“Relief I sought, alas! but sought in vain,

“With poignant taunt-rebuk’d, and sour disdain.

“The batt’ning priest, with supercilious face,

“Infer’d from indigence the want of grace.

“The lawyer in quaint terms, with look demure,

“Gave hints of statutes against vagrant poor.

“Unmov’d and cool the garter’d statesman cry’d,

“For me fit refuge colonies supply’d.

“I sigh’d in secret, and to heav’n my heart

“Ascending, heav’n in pity took my part.

“Loud thunder roll’d—the fabrick from its base

“Shook; and proud Lux’ry vanish’d from the place.

“Th’astonish’d croud their patron’s fall deplore,

“And pale and trembling issue from the door.

“I enter’d, prompted by a voice divine,

“Which thrice repeated, ‘Want! this pile is thine;



'For know, by Jove and Fate it stands decreed,  
 'Where Lux'ry riots thou shalt still succeed.'  
 "Here unmolested from that hour I reign,  
 "And all the court of Lux'ry forms my train;  
 "Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n  
 "By keen Necessity, the scourge of heav'n;  
 "'These are the wretches which around me throng,  
 "To me the lawyer, statesman, priest belong."

SHE ceas'd; her words such strong emotions bred,  
 They wak'd me trembling, and the vision fled.  
 Save me from Lux'ry, gracious heav'n! I pray'd,  
 That Want's drear haunts my steps may ne'er invade.



### THE VISION OF AMANDA.

**M**ETHOUGHT I was walking through a delightful field, from whence on a rising hill I beheld a stately edifice. My curiosity led me to make up towards it. I found it surrounded with gardens and orchards, richly decked by nature and art. A most agreeable lady was standing at the door, who very courteously invited me in to sit down and rest me: being tired with the hill, I accepted her kind offer. Entering the house, I surveyed the magnificent apartments, and my eyes were dazzled with the rich furniture that adorned every room. The lady led me into a spacious parlour, where was a very comely gentleman, with several little beauties around him, the living pictures in miniature of the father and mother. I was entertained there with a liberality suitable to the appearance they made, and with that courteous affability, which is the genuine effect of true gentility and good breeding. Whilst with pleasure I surveyed their happy circumstan-

ces, which appeared to have no want of any thing to compleat their happiness, I said within myself, "Sure these are extraordinary persons, and this flow of prosperity must be the bountiful reward of Providence, for some eminent instances of virtue and piety." But when I had taken my leave, and was returning back, I met one, of whom I enquired the gentleman's character, who was the owner of yonder seat; which, to my no small surprize, I found to be very vicious. His plentiful estate was gotten by oppression and fraud, his beautiful children were the living monuments of his shame, and the lady who made so splendid an appearance, and to whom he discovered so much seeming tenderness, was so far from being mistress of the seat, that she was only kept there as under a tyrant, to be a slave to his base lusts; he consulting her satisfaction no further than as the pleasure in her countenance heightens her charms, and thereby renders her the more agreeable to him in the gratification of his brutal appetites and passions; and she, continued my informer, puts a constant force upon herself to appear gay and chearful, lest her keeper should turn her out, abandoned to shame and misery. To preserve her from the latter of which (after the loss of a good fortune) was she prevailed on to comply with the lot she shares.—As soon as I parted from my company, I could contain no longer, but burst out into this exclamation: Wherefore, O Prosperity! wherefore is it that thou thus daily loadest the vicious with thy benefits, and givest them all that heart can wish? Whence comes it to pass that such a wretch as this shall spend his days in ease, and his nights in pleasure, whilst thou turnest away with disdain from the pious man, leaving him to groan under all the hardships of the most adverse state! O say! whence is it that thou art thus partial to the wicked?—I had no sooner ceased

exclaiming in this manner, than looking forward, I saw Prosperity standing before me, arrayed in her most gorgeous attire. The gay and glittering appearance must have raised delight in my breast, had it not been damped by the anger that appeared on her brow, when she thus addressed me: "Forbear taxing me with partiality in my proceedings; for were it in my inclination, it is not in my power, being only the servant of Providence, whose orders I never, in one single instance, run counter to." "Art thou," said I, in a heat, "the servant of Providence? And will it suffer thee thus to caress the impious, and slight and condemn the good! How can these things be?" Prosperity disappeared without making any reply; but immediately a resplendent light shone around me, and I heard a majestic voice calling thus to me from above, "O thou blind mortal, dost thou dare to call in question my proceedings, because thou canst not see the wisdom and equity of them? It would be just in me to punish thee severely for thy rashness, but for once I will overlook thy ignorance, and so far condescend to thy weakness, as to give thee some view of the reasons of my conduct. Wherefore lift up thine eyes, and behold what shall now be discovered to thee." I did so, and found my sight strengthened to penetrate through the thick clouds, beyond which I saw Providence seated on a lofty throne, and by him stood Prosperity and Adversity, with their various attendants waiting his orders. A person of a very amiable countenance stood at my right hand, who told me he was commissioned to resolve my doubts, and reveal somewhat of the mysteries of Providence to me. I strait observed Adversity ordered with her attendant Pain to such a place. I looked after them, and saw them enter the house of a person very remarkable for piety, and

attack him in a most violent manner: "Alas!" said  
 "I to my instructor, whence comes it to pass that so good  
 "a man as this should be so severely handled?" "He  
 "is," replied he, "a very eminent christian, a man  
 "greatly beloved of his God. But how contrary foe-  
 "ver this may seem to your carnal reason, it is there-  
 "fore that he is thus afflicted; he has (as the best here  
 "have) much sin still remaining in him, and much  
 "wanting to compleat his perfection in grace and ho-  
 "liness, and God, who is alone the proper judge of  
 "the most likely means to bring about his own wife  
 "and kind designs, sees this the fittest method to root  
 "out sin, and strengthen and invigorate his graces.  
 "This affliction shall be to him a furnace, not to con-  
 "sume him, but his lusts, and to refine and brighten  
 "his graces, that they may shine with the greater lus-  
 "tre." I then looked up again, and saw Adversity,  
 with two of her attendants, Poverty and Sickness, sent  
 to another place. They soon attacked a person, who  
 from an affluent fortune was reduced to penury and  
 want, and from a strong and vigorous state of health,  
 was thrown upon a sick-bed. "Pray," said I, "what  
 "is the character of this person, that is thus doubly at-  
 "tacked, and with such violence?" "He is," replied  
 my instructor, "one that devoted himself to God in the  
 "days of his youth, and appeared very zealous and ac-  
 "tive in the ways of religion, at his first setting out.  
 "But a long series of prosperity with which he has been  
 "favoured, has had the but too common effect of en-  
 "snaring and captivating his thoughts and affections to  
 "the things of time and sense. As riches encreased,  
 "he has set his heart inordinately upon them, and in a  
 "great measure withdrawn his dependence upon God  
 "for the continuation of those bounties of Providence,  
 "grown careless and secure, saying with David, 'My

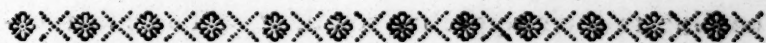


"mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved."  
 "Poverty is therefore sent to waste his substance, that  
 "the idol being removed, he may be no longer tempt-  
 "ed to adore it, and that he may by his own experi-  
 "ence be convinced of the uncertainty of all subluna-  
 "ry good. A long continued state of health has aba-  
 "ted his sense of the value of the mercy, and he has  
 "seemed to slight it as a common favour. Sickness  
 "is therefore sent to teach him the worth of health,  
 "by the want of it; to shock this seemingly strong  
 "building, that he may see its foundation is in the  
 "dust, and that it is as a moth crushed in the hand of  
 "God. In a word, these painful strokes shall be the  
 "happy means of rousing him out of that spiritual le-  
 "thargy whercin he has long lain, and cause him to re-  
 "member whence he is fallen, excite him to repent,  
 "and do his first works; and when these most valuable  
 "ends are answered, God will turn his captivity, and  
 "remarkably display his power and love in his de-  
 "liverance." Again I looked up, and heard Adversity  
 receive a new commission, to attack with reproach  
 and contempt a person who appeared in sight. "Pray,  
 said I, to what person are these formidable spectres go-  
 ing to?" (for their appearance shocked me more than  
 all the others.) "He is, said my teacher, a very serious  
 good man, one that has for many years been universa-  
 ly esteemed amongst those who are true friends to reli-  
 gion and virtue, both for his wisdom and piety; but  
 this general regard paid to him has too much elated his  
 mind, and he has hereby been puffed up with self-ap-  
 plause; not duly considering that whatever endowments  
 he possesses, whether of nature or grace, are all received  
 from God, and that therefore all the glory should be as-  
 cribed to the donor. Reproach is now sent to humble  
 him, to hide pride from his eyes, to make him fully

sensible that the interest any have in man's esteem is a blessing which descends from the same hand that dispenses those qualifications that have a tendency to raise it." Soon after I lifted up my eyes again, and saw Adversity with her attendants, Sickness and Death, receiving their orders to seize the child of a certain person. "Now, says my instructor, this is a sincere christian, and the stroke to be inflicted is perhaps the forest of a temporal nature that could befall him. He is to be stript of an only child, and a very promising one, in whom the fond parent might justly please himself with the prospect of much comfort and satisfaction; and like good Jacob, 'His life seems to be bound up in the lad's life.' But Providence, in much wisdom and great goodness too orders his removal in kindness both to parent and child; the lad, being by the grace of God prepared for a better state, is in great love removed from all the snares and temptations that attend the youthful stage, and those other snares and trials that surround the man in his riper age: a more than common share of which must have fallen to his lot, had he continued in this world. The parent will hereby be convinced of, and humbled for, the evil he has been guilty of in setting his heart and affections too much on this so desirable a creature-enjoyment, which he sees now to be but a fading dying flower. And the supports and comforts he shall receive under this happy trial, will stop the mouth of complaints, and force him to confess that God is the alone proper object of our warmest affection, since there is enough in him to make the christian happy in the loss of the dearest earthly comforts. These, continued my teacher, are some of the seeming paradoxes in Providence, which thou, blind mortal, couldst not discover by the dim light of reason: there are others which I am not now permitted to reveal to thee; some of which

thou wilt never see unravelled whilst thou art cloathed with mortality. Let what thou hast seen and heard suffice to assure thee, that God's thoughts are not like to thy thoughts, nor his ways like to thy ways, but as far above them in wisdom, as the heavens are above the earth. Hence it is, that the wicked so often abound with this world's good, who have all their heaven here; whilst the pious man is, by the sharp attacks of Adversity, during the short term of his existence here, trained up for a state of endless unallayed happiness."

I THANKED my instructor, begged pardon for my rashness, and promised, that I would no more arraign divine Providence at the bar of my weak and shallow reason, and abashed and confounded at my ignorance and presumption, awoke from my dream.



## TRUTH AND FALSHOOD.

### AN ALLEGORY.

OF all created intelligences none can be said to have disappeared without giving some proof of its influence. All have had their day, and taken their rotation in the wheel of time. Thus it happened with Truth, who, in former times, boasted universal dominion; but as good soon grows tasteless, so holy a personage could not long maintain her influence amongst a race of beings so prone to degeneracy. An infection seized the sons of men, whose quality was so malignant, that though it did not threaten death, yet it produced great and lasting evils. But such was the blindness of self-love, that most were insensible of their own

distempers, yet exposed and censured those of their neighbours; and as nothing cuts like the truth, truth bore all the blame. From this period every one began to stop their ears against her, and this indignity ended in her exclusion from all conversation. They upbraided her for the offences they themselves committed against her, till at length, they voted her into perpetual banishment, and elected her mortal enemy Falshood to reign in her stead. Truth, in compliance with this decree, set out alone for the desert, poor and dejected, deserted by her friends, and oppressed by her enemies. In her way, as she was going over a small eminence, she discerned a great crowd of people approaching, and the nearer it came, the more numerous it appeared. In the midst of this army, she distinguished a squadron, composed of kings, princes, governors, and priests, habited with great pomp, according to their respective conditions. These surrounded a triumphal car of exquisite workmanship, that moved with great majesty; upon which was placed a portable throne of brass, gilt and ornamented with tin-  
 sel, false-brilliants, paste-stones, and imitations of lapis lazuli. On this throne sat a woman, representing a queen, whose face appeared beautiful at a distance, but gradually lost its charms as it approached nearer, till at length it shewed perfectly ugly. Her form, as she sat, seemed elegant, but when she stood up or walked, it discovered many defects. Her robes were made of a silk, that like a pigeon's, or a peacock's neck, at every motion expressed a variety of colours; but then the stuff was so flimsy and slight, that the least breath of wind discomposed it, and the least touch was enough to rend it. Truth stopped to see this procession, and was amazed at its extent. When the car came up to her, Falshood, who knew her by description, though



she never had any correspondence with her, made a halt, and desired Truth might be brought before her. She then examined Truth, whence she came, and whither, and upon what design she was going. Truth told every thing. Falshood imagining, that to carry Truth with her was part of her triumph, as conquest is best proved by the captivity of an enemy, arrogantly ordered her to turn back and accompany her. Truth, not being the strongest, was forced to obey, and took her station in the rear, which from thenceforward was her known post. He then that seeks for Truth will neither find her with Falshood, nor with any of her ministers: she is always the last of the train, and in that place is only to be found. In the first day's journey, they arrived at a city, of which the prince, whose name was Favour, came out to meet them with a splendid train of courtiers, and offered Falshood the use of his palace. She thanked him for his good-will, but for reasons, best known to herself, insisted on going to a noble inn, kept by Wit, where they bespoke an entertainment, which was accordingly provided for them. As soon as the repast was over, they prepared to proceed upon their journey, and her steward, Ostentation, a solemn personage, with a philosophical beard, grave face, formal demeanor, and a slow fair speech, desired the landlord to bring in his bill. He did so, and the steward saying, it was very well, put it into the hands of Falshood his mistress. Pay the honest man, said she, out of the money you deposited with him when we came in. The landlord, with a silly laugh, said, he knew not what they meant by the money they talked of, for none had been lodged with him. At first he imagined they were jesting with him; but when so many personages of port and figure persisted in affirming the fact, he with great grief and rage insisted that

distempers, yet exposed and censured those of their neighbours; and as nothing cuts like the truth, truth bore all the blame. From this period every one began to stop their ears against her, and this indignity ended in her exclusion from all conversation. They upbraided her for the offences they themselves committed against her, till at length, they voted her into perpetual banishment, and elected her mortal enemy Falshood to reign in her stead. Truth, in compliance with this decree, set out alone for the desert, poor and dejected, deserted by her friends, and oppressed by her enemies. In her way, as she was going over a small eminence, she discerned a great crowd of people approaching, and the nearer it came, the more numerous it appeared. In the midst of this army, she distinguished a squadron, composed of kings, princes, governors, and priests, habited with great pomp, according to their respective conditions. These surrounded a triumphal car of exquisite workmanship, that moved with great majesty; upon which was placed a portable throne of brass, gilt and ornamented with tinzel, false-brilliants, paste-stones, and imitations of lapis lazuli. On this throne sat a woman, representing a queen, whose face appeared beautiful at a distance, but gradually lost its charms as it approached nearer, till at length it shewed perfectly ugly. Her form, as she sat, seemed elegant, but when she stood up or walked, it discovered many defects. Her robes were made of a silk, that like a pigeon's, or a peacock's neck, at every motion expressed a variety of colours; but then the stuff was so flimsy and slight, that the least breath of wind discomposed it, and the least touch was enough to rend it. Truth stopped to see this procession, and was amazed at its extent. When the car came up to her, Falshood, who knew her by description, though

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he had not seen a farthing of their money. Falshood then produced for witnesses, Idleness her treasurer, Flattery the master of her ceremonies, Vice the lord of her bed-chamber, and Treachery her lady of honour, who all wondered what the fellow meant by denying what they had all seen. But what was worse than all, Interest, a tyrannical kept mistress of Wit's, and Invention his own child, at the summons of Falshood, deposed in her favour. Wit seeing himself thus beset by a powerful host, and betrayed by those of his own house, filled the air with exclamations, and invoked the gods for the manifestation of Truth. Truth hearing his distress, and having always had a friendly regard for him, pressed forward, and said, "Wit, my good friend, you have right on your side; but what will right avail you? since it is Falshood who denies the debt, and there is none to espouse your cause but me. All I can do for you is, to declare the justice of your claim, which I most solemnly do." Falshood was so enraged at this boldness, that she ordered her ministers to pay Wit out of Truth's allowance, which was accordingly done.

THEY now proceeded onward, behaving at every place where they met with harbour and refreshment, in the same manner, cheating and pillaging friends and foes indifferently.

At length they came to a place, of which Scandal was the sovereign, a powerful prince, and a great friend to Falshood. He went out to meet her with all the grandees of his country, and in the midst of all his favourites, Pride, Treason, Deceit, Gluttony, Ingratitude, Malice, Hatred, Uncharitableness, Laziness, Obstinacy, Revenge, Envy, Injustice, Vain-glory, Folly, Self-will, and others of his constant attendants. He invited Falshood to his palace; and she accepted the



invitation, upon condition that she herself should be at the cost of the entertainment. Scandal would have been glad to have given her an idea of his wealth, by treating her; but as Falshood had spoken peremptorily, he acquiesced in her pleasure, and they proceeded together to the palace. The purveyor, Care, and the clerk of the kitchen, Change, provided the table; and the neighbouring inhabitants, hearing of so great a company, brought in all sorts of provisions, which were received without any dispute about the price. After the feast was over, and they were preparing to go away, the poor people desired to be paid for what they had furnished. The treasurer said he owed them nothing; and the steward, that he had paid them their full due. Upon the clamour which this answer occasioned, Falshood came out, and said, "Friends, what is it you want? You are mad,— I cannot conceive your meaning,—you have been paid for all you brought. I saw it myself, and the money was given you in the presence of Truth. Let her deny it if she dare." On this they called upon Truth for her evidence. But Truth, sensible of the indignity she had suffered at the inn kept by Wit, resolved not to utter a word. From that time to this, Truth continues dumb, remembering what it cost her for speaking. He that speaks truth, speaks it at his own expence.





## THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

## A VISION.

## I.

**W**HEN Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters  
soft

Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest;  
The internal power, creative Fancy oft

Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.  
Thus when no longer daily cares engage,

The busy mind pursues the darling theme;  
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumbering sage,

And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream;  
Hence as I slept, these images arose,

To Fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

## II.

As when fair morning dries her pearly tears,

The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;  
Thus new to sight a gothic dome appears

With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.  
Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,

And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies  
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,

Or evening skirts with gold the western skies;  
To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptor'd wall,  
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

## III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside

Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;  
Here hood-winkt Ignorance is seen to bide

Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.

No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,  
Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,  
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,  
And haunt his soul with visionary fears:  
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,  
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

## IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,  
And in faint glimmerings just admit the light.  
There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,  
And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.  
A thousand glories wait her opening day,  
Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;  
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,  
And cheat th'unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;  
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies, "  
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

## V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind  
Sits at the gate, and lifts a liberal bowl  
With wine of wondrous power to lull the mind,  
And check each vigorous effort of the soul:  
Whoe'er un'wares shall ply his thirsty lip,  
And drink in gulphs the luscious liquor down,  
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,  
And objects see in features not their own;  
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,  
He sav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his  
name.

## VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,  
Props of her age, and pillars of her state,  
Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,  
And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate:

22 VISIONS AND ALLEGORIES

The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,  
 With triple crown erect, and throned high;  
 Two golden keys hang dangling by his side  
 To lock or ope the portals of the sky;  
 Crouching and prostrate there (ah! sight unmeet!)  
 The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty  
 feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd  
 Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes;  
 Heaven's gracious gift to light the wandering mind,  
 To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies!  
 A man no more, a god he would be thought,  
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey:  
 With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,  
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay:  
 Strange legends would he read, and figments dire  
 Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,  
 And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, Sin,  
 Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,  
 With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.  
 Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good  
 Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,  
 With gentler aspect there Indulgence stood,  
 And to the needy culprit would retail;  
 There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,  
 And treason would absolve, and murder purge with  
 gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell  
 A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;  
 Nor work had he save some few beads to tell,  
 And indolently snore the hours away.



The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,  
 The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tie  
 Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,  
 As crimes of foulest stain, and deepest dye:  
 No social hopes hath he, no social fears,  
 But spends in lethargy devout the lingering years.

## X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire  
 Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath  
 Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,  
 And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.  
 Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed  
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size;  
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,  
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries;  
 Yet he beholds them with unmoisten'd eye,  
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

## XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,  
 And slow approaching with majestic pace;  
 A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,  
 With native charms, and unaffected grace:  
 Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,  
 In which all objects their true features wear,  
 And on her cheek a blush indignant glows  
 To see the horrid forceries practis'd there;  
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,  
 Unlock'd its iron clasps, and ope'd the heavenly page.

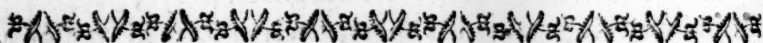
## XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,  
 " That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,  
 " Unveil, she said, the sacred mysteries here,  
 " Give the celestial boon to public view.  
 " Though blatant Obloquy with leprous mouth  
 " Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous

- " Yet in revolving years some liberal youth  
 " Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,  
 " Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,  
 " With each heroic grace, shall shine thro' every age.

## XIII.

- " With furious hate tho' fierce relentless power  
 " Exert of torment all her horrid skill;  
 " Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour  
 " Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;  
 " Yet when the dragon in the deep abyfs  
 " Shall lie, fast bound in adamantin chain,  
 " Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,  
 " First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;  
 " Then shall repay the momentary tear.  
 " The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year."



## THE VISION OF MIRZA.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding

sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

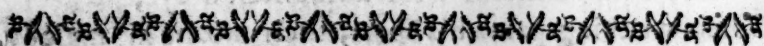
I HAD been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued, by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at

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one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time; measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten intire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were intire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

THERE were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one af-

ter another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I PASSED some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

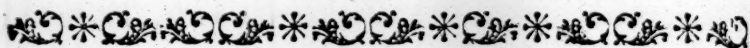
THE genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I HERE fetched a deep sigh, Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and

mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The cloud still rested on one half of it, inasmuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which



thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon its sides.



## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

## AN ALLEGORY.

“**L**IFE, says Seneca, is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.” The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the Ocean of Life; that we had already passed the Straights of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we now were upon the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse among great numbers that offered their directions and assistance.

I THEN looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that failed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any one of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

BEFORE me, and on each other side was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

THE current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

IT was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, tho' he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence;

every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

THIS negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

THE vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

THIS necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the variety and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful: they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves: and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found



some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

YET all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety: and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

IN the midst of the current of life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circulation was weak, but yet interrupted the course of

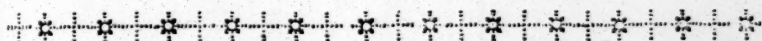
the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

THERE were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

THE only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the Streights of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overfet by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen a-

gainst the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally in danger?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.



## THE TABLATURE OF CEBES.

BEING A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

**A**S we were walking in the temple of Saturn, and beholding the several offerings that had been presented to that deity, we observed at the entrance of the temple a tablature that engaged our attention, as being intirely new both with regard to the draught and the design. Though we considered it very narrowly for some time, we still found ourselves at a loss to conceive its meaning, or from whence the artist had taken his lights. The piece could be properly said to represent neither a city nor a camp. It seemed a kind of inclosure, containing in its compass two lesser ones; of which, however, there was one larger than the other: before the gate of the outer inclosure, was represented a great concourse of people, and on the inner side, a large company of women. Just before the gate appeared the figure of an old man, who by his mien

and posture, seemed to give directions to those who entered. We had some time continued in this uncertainty, with regard to the design of this work, when an old man who had heedfully observed us, addressed us in this manner: "You must not be surprized, that you, who are strangers in this country, cannot comprehend this tablature; the greatest part of our inhabitants are, in this particular, equally ignorant as yourselves. This piece is not the present of a native. A certain stranger, a man of great learning and virtue, and a zealous disciple of Pythagoras and Parmenides, both in his principles and practice, coming formerly to this place, consecrated this temple, and with it the tablature before you, to Saturn." I asked our courteous old man, if he had known and conversed with this wise stranger? "I was long (replied he) acquainted with him, and have often admired that profound judgment, which, notwithstanding his youth, discovered itself in his conversation, and I have often with pleasure heard him discourse upon the subject of your enquiry, and explain the moral of the piece before you." We conjure you (said I) if some important business do not call you away, to satisfy our curiosity on this head. "I have leisure (answered he) and shall willingly consent to your request; but it is first proper to warn you, that there is some danger in what you ask." Danger! of what kind? "Because (proceeded he) if you hearken with attention, and by that means shall understand what I say to you, you will become wise and happy; if otherwise, you will remain restless and unhappy, and live in perpetual misery and ignorance. The explanation of the tablature before you, is like the riddle proposed by the sphinx: whoever discovered the mystery was safe, but those who failed in their attempt



"were destroyed by the monster. The case here is much the same; for Folly is the sphinx of mankind. She darkly points out to us what is good, what is ill, and what is indifferent in life. She does not indeed, like her, immediately dispatch those who understand her not, but slowly poisons their condition, like those who are given up to punishment for life. But by a narrow examination, when we come to understand things aright, folly disappears, and the remainder of life is blest with happiness and serenity. Give good attention therefore to what I shall say, as to a matter which we are all nearly concerned in." If the case be thus, you have made us justly impatient to hear you. "It is just so." We intreat then you would begin; and be assured the important consequences you have mentioned, will fully engage our most careful attention.

HEREUPON lifting up his staff, and pointing to the tablature, "You see (said he) this great inclosure?" We do. "You must then in the first place suppose this to represent human life, and the multitude at the gate, those who are daily entering into the world. That old person you see elevated near the gate, holding in one hand a paper, and with the other extended as giving out directions, is called the Genius of mankind. He is placed there to give instructions to all who enter into life, what they must do, and point out to them the path they ought to take, in order to arrive at true happiness." Which is the way (said I) and how do they find it? "You see near the gate a painted woman seated on a throne, of a specious aspect, who holds a cup in her hand." I see; but who is she? "She is called Imposture, because she seduces all men." After what manner? "All who enter into life are obliged to taste of that

"cup." What liquor does it contain? "It is a mixture of error and ignorance." What follows upon their taking this potion? "They then enter into life." Are none excepted from this draught? "None (said he) but some drink more and some less. You see likewise within the gate, several women differently apparelled?" We do. "These (resumed he) are called the Opinions, Desires, and Pleasures. The crowd you see, upon their entrance, are severally met and embraced by these women, and at length led away by them." Whither do they carry them? "Some to safety and some to destruction, in proportion to what they have drunk out of the cup of Imposture." How dangerous, O wise old man! is the draught you speak of! "These women (resumed he) all promise their votaries the greatest of blessings, and the enjoyment of a life of ease and happiness, with which they seem well satisfied. The mixture of error and ignorance they have received from Imposture, blinds their understandings, hinders them from finding the true way of life, and makes them follow these women as you see. Do ye not see how those who have entered first, wander about at their direction?" We do, (said I) but who is that woman placed on a globe, who seems both blind and distracted? "They call her Fortune (replied he). She is not only blind, but deaf and senseless." What is her employment? "She turns herself incessantly about on all sides, snatching from some their possessions, to bestow them upon others, whom she again deprives of them, to gratify new favourites without certainty or choice. Her attitude properly marks her character." How so? "Her being placed on a globe, signifies that her gifts are inconstant, and of no true value, and that those who trust to, or depend upon

“ her specious promises, are exposed to the greatest calamities and misfortunes.” What is the meaning of that great crowd that surround her, who are they, and what do they wait for there? “ They are called the Inconsiderate, and stand there to catch what she blindly scatters amongst them.” What occasions such a remarkable difference in their looks, some seeming to rejoice and others to lament, excessively? “ Those who rejoice (returned he) are such who have received favours from her, and with these she is the goddess of Good-fortune: those on the contrary, whom you see weeping and wringing their hands, are such whom she has deprived of her gifts, and with these she is stiled the goddess of Ill-fortune.” What (replied I) can those benefits be, the possession of which causes such great joy, and the loss of which is attended with such extravagant grief? “ They are those things which men commonly call good.” What are these? Riches, glory, nobility, a numerous posterity, power, honour, and such like.” And are not these real advantages? “ Of that (replied our instructor) we shall speak hereafter more fully, let us at present continue the explication of our tablature.” Content.

“ You see (proceeded he) beyond this first gate, a higher inclosure, on the outer side of which stand several women wantonly dressed?” Very plainly. “ These are Incontinence, Luxury, Covetousness and Flattery.” What is their business in that place? “ You see how narrowly they watch those who have been favoured by Fortune.” For what end? “ They rejoice with them, and congratulate them on their success; they caress and endeavour to ingratiate themselves with them, and invite their stay by the promise of a soft and indolent life, free from care and trouble: if any one is thus inticed by them to

"the love of pleasure, this course of life appears for a  
 "time (while a man is under the delusion) to be de-  
 "lightful; but this happiness is merely imaginary.  
 "For, when once he begins to reflect, he finds, that  
 "all the pleasures he has tasted are false, that the evils  
 "that attended them are real, and that he has been  
 "miserably deceived and abused: when he has, in  
 "this course, wasted all the remains of his good for-  
 "tune, he is forced to enter himself in the service of  
 "these mistresses, to suffer a thousand inconveniencies,  
 "to submit to the basest slavery, and on their account  
 "to commit the vilest and basest actions, such as de-  
 "ceit, sacrilege, perjury, treachery, and theft, till fail-  
 "ing of any support from these, he is delivered over  
 "into the hands of Punishment." Who is she?  
 "You see (proceeded he) a little farther beyond those  
 "women, a kind of low gate, opening into a confused  
 "obscure hole, in which are represented several wo-  
 "men covered with rags and filthiness." We see it.  
 "The first, with a whip in her hand, is called Punish-  
 "ment; she who sits next, with her head reclining  
 "on her knees, is called Sadness; that woman tearing  
 "her hair is Trouble." But that frightful lean man  
 standing naked by them, who looks so meagre and  
 ghastly, and that woman with him, who resembles him  
 so much, who are they? "The man is called Sorrow,  
 "and his sister by him is Despair. Into the hands of  
 "these executioners, is our unhappy man delivered o-  
 "ver, and leads with them a wretched life, full of  
 "pain and anguish. From hence he is again convey-  
 "ed to another prison, which is the dwelling of Mi-  
 "sery, where he is condemned to pass the remainder  
 "of his life, unless Repentance comes to his relief."  
 But how if Repentance interposes? "He is by her res-  
 "cued from these evils, and receives from her a new



“ view of things, and a new opinion, tending to True Learning, but which at the same time may lead him to False Learning.” What is the consequence of this? “ If he be so happy as to receive the first, he is at once delivered from all his prejudices and errors, and passes the rest of his days in tranquillity and peace; if otherwise, he is again deceived by False Learning.” His case is very hazardous: but who is this False Learning?

“ You see that second inclosure?” Yes. “ At the entrance of it, you may observe a woman neatly dressed, and of a good appearance. The vulgar, and those who take up with the show of things, call her Learning; but this is a mistake; she is False Learning. Even those happy travellers, who succeed in their pursuit of True Learning, are commonly detained some time by her.” Is there no other way to arrive at True Learning? “ There is.” But who are those persons walking up and down in this court? “ They are (said he) the admirers of False Learning, who being deceived by appearances, fondly imagine they have reached the true.” Who are these? “ They are some of them poets, others orators, logicians, musicians, arithmeticians, geometricians, astrologers, and critics, with others of the like professions.” But who are those women, so busy on every side addressing themselves to this company? Are they not the same you shewed us at first, amongst whom were Incontinence with her companions? Do they come here also? “ Yes (said he) but less frequently than into the first inclosure.” Do the Opinions also enter here? Yes, the early potion, received from Imposture, still operates; Ignorance finds a place here; and, if you can believe me, Extravagance and Folly are not excluded. They remain under the power of

“ these, till having left False Learning, they enter up-  
 “ on the path that leads them to True Learning, from  
 “ whom they receive that sovereign remedy, which  
 “ frees them from the ill-effects that Error and Igno-  
 “ rance produce. But while they stay with False  
 “ Learning, they are never truly free, nor can they  
 “ by her assistance deliver themselves from any of the  
 “ evils we speak of.” Proceed, we pray you (said I)  
 and shew us this happy way that leads to True Learn-  
 ing.

“ You behold (proceeded our venerable instruc-  
 “ tor) that rising ground before you, that appears de-  
 “ sert and uninhabited.” We do. “ You observe  
 “ then upon it a little gate, that opens on a narrow and  
 “ unfrequented path, that appears very broken and im-  
 “ practicable. You see likewise near it a spacious  
 “ ground, steep like a precipice.” I see it. “ This  
 “ is the road to True Learning.” This road appears  
 very difficult indeed. “ You see then a little above it,  
 “ a high and craggy rock, on whose side appear two  
 “ comely healthy women, who seem chearfully to  
 “ stretch out their hands.” I see them plainly; but  
 who are they? “ One of them is called Temperance,  
 “ the other Patience; they are sisters.” But why do  
 “ they extend their hands so? “ To encourage all  
 “ those who pass this way, and exhort them not to be  
 “ discouraged, by assuring them, that these hardships  
 “ will not be of long continuance, that they will lessen  
 “ by degrees, and the passage grow more easy and a-  
 “ greeable.” But what method do they take, when  
 they come to the foot of this rock; for I see no way to  
 ascend it? “ Those friendly sisters give them their as-  
 “ sistance and help, till they reach the top; where, on  
 “ their arrival, they allow them a short time to repose  
 “ themselves, and then inspire them with new vigour,

“ by promising to conduct them safely to True Learning, by shewing them the easiness and pleasantness of the way they are now to enter upon, and how free it is from all manner of hazard and inconveniency, as you may see.” So indeed it appears to be.

“ Do you see (continued he) near that distant wood, a certain beautiful place, like a delightful meadow, on which there seems to fall a strong light?” Very distinctly. “ In this you see a gate that opens into another inclosure.” True; what place is it? “ This is the abode of the blessed; here the Virtues dwell with Happiness.” How lovely the place appears! “ You see near the gate (resumed he) a handsome woman of a composed aspect, who appears middle-aged, her habit plain, without affectation or ornaments. She stands not on a globe, but on a square pedestal. There stand by her two virgins who appear to be her daughters.” They do indeed resemble her very much. “ She in the middle is True Learning, the others are Truth and Persuasion. The mother is placed on a square, to signify the certainty and safety of the way that leads to her, and the unalterable and permanent nature both of the blessings she bestows, and their happy effects.” What are those blessings? “ They are courage and serenity.” What is their nature? “ Such as renders the possessors undisturbed by any of the accidents and calamities of life, since no real evil can befall those who enjoy them.” What valuable gifts are these! but why is True Learning placed without the inclosure? “ That she may present those who approach her with her purifying remedy; and thus restoring them to themselves, in that state, introduce them to the Virtues.” How is this, for I do not well comprehend your meaning? “ But you shall presently (resumed our instruct-

“or). The case here is like that of a man under a violent disease, who is brought to the physician, who first finds out and removes the cause of his disorder, and then by degrees restores him to his health and strength. But if the patient should disregard his advice, he would deservedly perish.” Now I understand you. “Just so (said he) when a man comes to True Learning; she administers to him this sovereign medicine, which purges him of all evils he brought along with him.” What are those? “In the first place, the ignorance and error he drank with Imposture, together with pride, lust, anger, avarice, and all the other vices he contracted in the first inclosure.” When they are thus cleansed, where are they sent? “To Happiness and the Virtues.” Who are they?

“You see (proceeded he) within that gate, a little society of matrons, who appear most beautiful and modest, who have nothing of that paint and affectation you observed in the other women.” We do; but how are they called? “The first (said he) is called Science, the rest are her sisters, Fortitude, Justice, Integrity, Temperance, Modesty, Liberality, Continence, Clemency, and Patience.” How charming is this company! and how great encouragement do you give us! “provided (said he) you understand what you hear, and resolve to practise it.” This is our intention. “Thus you will be happy.” But when a man is in this agreeable society, where do they lead him? “To their mother Happiness.” Who is she? “See you not (resumed the good old man) the way that leads to that eminence, which is the highest point of all the inclosures? Near it there sits a comely matron in her bloom, well dressed, without art, and crowned after a very beautiful manner. She is elevated on a



“kind of throne.” We observe her. “This majestic person is Happiness.” After what manner does she treat those who are brought to her? “She rewards them with crowns, such as are bestowed on those who are conquerors in any great enterprize.” In what conflicts (said I) have these persons been victorious? “In dangerous ones (pursued he) and have triumphed over formidable monsters, who would have destroyed them; these they have now subdued, so as to make them obedient, who before tyrannized over them.” Pray inform us what monsters are these? “They are, in the first place, Ignorance and Error. Are not these monsters?” Yes, without doubt (said I) and very dangerous ones too. “Those that follow are no less so, such as Grief, Vexation, Avarice, and the other vices with Intemperance. These are in their turn subdued, and lose all their former power.” O glorious conquest! but pray tell us what is the virtue of that crown they receive from Happiness? “The virtue of it, O young man! (said he) is very great. Whoever wears it, is perfectly blessed, and free from all evil. He derives his happiness from no external object, but from himself alone.” O exalted victory! but when they are thus crowned, whither do they go? “They are carried by the Virtues to that place from whence they came, who there shew them the crowd they have left, and how badly and miserably they pass their time, and wander up and down in error and ignorance, or are led away by different passions, by Pride, Incontinence, Avarice, Vanity, and the other vices: by these they are bound, so that they cannot free themselves, nor find the way to True Learning, but are tormented with endless anxiety. This happens to them, by neglect and forgetfulness of these good counsels they received

"from the Genius, at their entrance into life." What you say appears highly reasonable (said I) but there is one thing you have not yet explained, why the Virtues thus shew them the place they came from? "The reason (answered our instructor) is because as they pass through life, they have no true knowledge of the scene. They cannot distinctly see what is done amidst the confusion of things that surround them. The mists of ignorance and error obscure the prospect. They often confound good and evil, and by that means are frequently subject to mistakes. Now that they have attained to True Learning, they see things in a new light. The misery of a contrary course strikes them more strongly, and sets their present happiness in the clearest view." When they have seen these things, where do they go next? "Wherever they please (said he) it is the same thing. They carry their happiness in their own breasts. They are always safe, as if they were in the Corycian cave. Their integrity is their perpetual security and defence. They are beloved and esteemed by all, as good physicians are by the sick." Have they nothing to fear from those female monsters you just now spoke of? "Nothing, (answered he). Grief, Trouble, Lust, Avarice, or Poverty, have no power to hurt them; they are superior to all those passions, which before had the government of them; like those who carry about them a sovereign counter-poison, they can walk unhurt through these dangerous serpents, the venom of which they see fatal to many round them." You speak well: but who are these persons descending the hill, some of them crowned, who appear very joyful, and others without crowns, who seem forlorn and desperate under the command of certain women? "Those that are crowned, (said he)

“are such who by finding the way to True Learning  
“are arrived at happiness, and are consequently pleased  
“ed with their success: those who want crowns, are  
“such who by their folly have neglected to seek the  
“way to True Learning; or else, having found it,  
“have stopt at the narrow and rough ascent we spoke  
“of, and by looking for an easier path, have quite  
“lost the road.” But who are those women that follow them? “They are (replied he) Care, Trouble, Despair, Ignominy, and Ignorance.” If it be so, they are very wretched. “They are so indeed (proceeded he). When driven by those tormentors, they return into the first inclosure, to Luxury and Incontinence: the wonder is, that they do not accuse themselves as the authors of their own ruin, but unjustly revile True Learning and its followers, as if they were unfortunate and deluded men, who pursued a shadow of happiness, while they themselves, as they alledge, possess in riot and luxury the true pleasures of life. For, like the brute creation, they place their whole satisfaction in the gratification of their sensual appetites.” But who are those other women who return so full of gaiety and mirth? “They are the opinions (said he) who having conducted the virtuous to True Learning are coming back to invite and carry others thither in their turn, by shewing them the success and felicity of those who have gone before them.” Do these never go in amongst the Virtues? “No (answered he) because Opinion can never reach to Science. They only deliver them into the hands of True Learning, and then return to bring others, like ships that discharge their lading, in order to fetch a new cargo.” You have fully satisfied us in your explanation: but you have not yet told us what the Genius prescribes to those who enter

into life? "He bids them (replied he) be of good cheer: this I also recommend to you, as I shall more particularly explain it, without omitting any thing that may make you fully understand me.

"STRETCHING out again his arm, observe (continued he) that blind woman standing on a globe, who, as I told you before, was called Fortune." We see. "The Genius forbids us to trust her, to place any certainty or happiness in her favours, or regard what she gives us as properly our own, since we have no security against her taking them from us to bestow them upon others, a thing she frequently practises. For this reason he warns us, not too highly to indulge ourselves in her gifts, nor too deeply to be cast down with the loss of them, neither to esteem nor despise her too much, since she acts from no just principle, but does all things inconsiderately and rashly. He would not have us be surprized at her conduct, or imitate those miserable usurers, who, when money is intrusted in their hands, rejoice as if they received it for their own use, but when it is re-demanded, pay it back with unwillingness, forgetting that the condition of their receiving it, was that it should be returned to the proprietor without trouble or delay. In this light would the Genius have us to consider the advantages of Fortune; and to remember it is her characteristic, to take what she gives, to return it back perhaps increased, and soon after not only deprive us of all she has given, but even of what we were possessed of before. He bids us therefore receive what she bestows, and employ it immediately in some valuable and real purchase." What is that? "Such an one as True Learning will afford them, if they can attain it." What will they receive from her? "True Science (said he) the most lasting and



“ precious possession. Upon this account the Genius  
 “ directs us to apply ourselves immediately to gain  
 “ this important acquisition. He advises us to pass  
 “ through the first inclosure, without hearkening to  
 “ the solicitations of those loose women Incontinence  
 “ and Luxury, who by their insinuating flatteries, are  
 “ so ready to seduce us from the right way. He bids  
 “ us reject their temptations, and go on to False Learn-  
 “ ing. With her he would have us make a short stay,  
 “ to hear what she proposes, that may be of service to  
 “ us in our journey, and then proceed forward to True  
 “ Learning. These are the commands of the Genius.  
 “ Whoever misapprehends or neglects them, becomes  
 “ ignorant and evil, and in the end wretched. This,  
 “ my friends, is the explication of the Tablature before  
 “ you. If you have any doubts remaining, I shall en-  
 “ deavour to satisfy you, for at present I am fully at  
 “ leisure.”

I THANKED our good old man, with whose narra-  
 tion we were all pleased very much; but (said I) pray  
 inform us what it is the Genius would have us get by  
 our stay with False Learning? “ Some things (said he)  
 “ that may be of use to us.” What are they? “ The  
 “ languages (answered he) and those other parts of e-  
 “ ducation which Plato somewhere recommends to  
 “ youth, to keep them from being worse employed,  
 “ and restrain them from the love of pleasure.” But  
 tell us, are these things necessary to guide us to True  
 Learning? “ Not absolutely so (said he) they are in-  
 “ deed convenient, but they contribute nothing of  
 “ themselves to true happiness. They are of no sig-  
 “ nificance to make men better than before. A man  
 “ may become wise without their assistance; and yet  
 “ they are far from being useless: for though we may  
 “ understand any language by the help of an interpre-

"ter, yet it would be more convenient to us, if we  
 "ourselves were masters of the language Thus you  
 "see we do not indispensibly need the assistance of  
 "these arts in our pursuit of True Learning." The  
 learned then, as they are commonly called, are in no  
 better a condition than other men. "Certainly (con-  
 "tinued he) they are not. Do not you see them e-  
 "qually with others, differ in their sentiments of  
 "good and evil, and given up to their several passi-  
 "ons? For nothing hinders but that men may be well  
 "versed in these arts, and yet abandoned to drunken-  
 "ness, intemperance, covetousness, injustice, folly and  
 "treachery." It is very true, there are many such.  
 "If so (said he) what advantage does this imaginary  
 "learning give them over others, or what use is it to  
 "them for the amendment of their lives?" Of very lit-  
 tle, if things are so: but what is the reason they are  
 placed in the second inclosure so near to True Learn-  
 ing? "Their situation is of very little benefit to them,  
 "since they often see others pass from amongst the Vi-  
 "ces in the first inclosure, to True Learning, leaving  
 "the followers of the Arts behind. After this you  
 "cannot say this learning of theirs is of great service to  
 "them. Either then they are more indolent or more  
 "intractable than other men." How comes that to  
 be? "Because (replied he) these persons in the second  
 "inclosure, who are so taken up with False Learning,  
 "are unhappy in this, that they have a fond opinion  
 "of their own mistakes. They imagine themselves in  
 "the possession of True Learning; and, while they  
 "think so, it is no wonder they rest contented with  
 "what they have. Besides, you see the Opinions come  
 "in here from the first inclosure. Therefore they are  
 "no way better than other men, unless they are re-  
 "lieved by Repentance, who convinces them of their

“error, and shews them how they have mistaken the  
 “False Learning for the True: and for you, my  
 “friends, unless you are long conversant about these  
 “things, and by that means fix them in your esteem,  
 “and reduce them into practice, you will receive but  
 “little advantage from what you have heard.” We  
 shall carefully (said I) follow your good advice; but  
 pray inform us farther, why you do not account those  
 things as good in themselves, which we receive from  
 fortune. Are not life, health, riches, glory, posterity,  
 victory, and such like, real advantages, and is not the  
 want or loss of those to be considered as evil? This to  
 us seems a paradox.

“PROCEED then (resumed our good old man) and  
 “let us examine this matter more narrowly, and an-  
 “swer me the questions I shall propose to you.” I  
 shall. “Is life then a blessing to an ill man?” No  
 certainly; it is rather an evil. “How then can life  
 “itself be a blessing, when to such a man it is really an  
 “evil?” It is a blessing to the good, and a misfortune  
 to the bad. “So you think life is at the same time  
 “both a good and an evil?” Yes. “Beware (replied  
 “he) of such an absurdity. It is impossible the same  
 “thing can be good and ill at the same time. If so,  
 “it might also be in itself at the same time useful and  
 “hurtful, desirable and hateful, which is a manifest  
 “contradiction.” It is so. But if he who lives ill is  
 unhappy, is not life an evil to him? “But to live and  
 “live ill are not the same thing. Do you not think  
 “there is a wide difference? there seems to be so.  
 “To live then, in itself is no evil; for if it were, it  
 “would be also an evil to the good, who enjoy an e-  
 “qual share of it. Since then life is a privilege com-  
 “mon to all men, it follows, that it is in itself neither  
 “good nor evil: much like those operations in chirur-

"gery, which are of great use to the sick, but would  
 "be very pernicious to persons in good health. Just  
 "so we must consider life; but let us go on. Tell  
 "me which would you chuse, a vitious life, or an ho-  
 "nest and generous death?" The latter certainly.  
 "Therefore death is in itself no evil, since it is fre-  
 "quently preferable to life itself? So it appears.  
 "It is the same case with respect to sickness and health,  
 "since there are many cases, wherein the former is  
 "more beneficial to us than the latter." So I think.  
 "Let us proceed, and consider riches in the same  
 "view: or rather let us see how many who possess  
 "them lead wicked and miserable lives." There are  
 "proofs enough of this. "Their riches then are of  
 "no use to promote their happiness?" They seem not.  
 "Goodness therefore flows from learning, not from  
 "riches?" So it appears. "How then can riches  
 "be good in themselves, since they can neither make  
 "their possessors better or happier men?" They can-  
 "not. "Therefore they are evil to those who know  
 "not how to make a right use of them." So I think.  
 "How can that therefore be accounted in itself good,  
 "that is of no service to the owner?" Not at all.  
 "If therefore any make a good and right use of their  
 "riches, they will live well, if not, they will live mi-  
 "serably." What you say appears very just. "To  
 "conclude then, the mischief lies in our too highly e-  
 "steeming them as really good, or too meanly despi-  
 "sing them as really evil, whereas in themselves they  
 "are neither good nor evil. Men are apt to place  
 "too extravagant a value on them, and imagine them  
 "the means of procuring all manner of happiness, and  
 "on this account stop at nothing, though never so  
 "wicked, to acquire them. This they do, because  
 "they are ignorant of the true good.



"THEY consider not (continued our venerable in-  
 "structor) that evil can never produce good, or good  
 "be the cause of evil. Thus you often see great wealth  
 "amassed together by the vilest and worst actions, such  
 "as lying, fraud, theft, sacrilege, and such like crimes,  
 "which proceeds from the most vicious dispositions.  
 "Now if good can never be the produce of evil, we  
 "can never call riches that are acquired in such man-  
 "ner, good." This is fully made out. "To pro-  
 "ceed then (said he) as by wicked actions we shall ne-  
 "ver purchase justice, wisdom, or any other virtue; so  
 "neither by a course of worthy actions can we ever  
 "become vicious. These things are incompatible.  
 "You often see the most unjust and wicked men pos-  
 "sessed of power, riches, victory, fame, and those other  
 "imaginary blessings of life. From hence you may  
 "conclude, that these things are neither good nor e-  
 "vil; and that as wisdom and virtue are the only true  
 "blessings, so ignorance and vice are the only real  
 "evils of life." You have fully proved this argument  
 "to our intire satisfaction, and we shall now no longer  
 "be deceived by the appearances of things. "You see  
 "(added he) that all these things in themselves are nei-  
 "ther good nor evil, as I before told you. They re-  
 "semble sleep and exercise, and the other natural mo-  
 "tions of the body, which agree in common to all men.  
 "The things that properly distinguish and belong to  
 "us are virtue and vice. The latter is always the  
 "characteristic of ignorance, and the former of wis-  
 "dom. Two contrary dispositions can never unite to  
 "form a consistent character, as a man can never be  
 "ignorant and wise, asleep and awake, at the same  
 "time." All these you have made very evident to us  
 "(said I) and we have been very pleasingly entertained.  
 "All those things flow from one principle (added he)

"a principle truly divine!" What do you mean by that expression (said I)? "Life and death (replied he) health and sickness, riches and poverty, and those things we have been speaking of, are in their nature neither good nor evil, but happen indifferently to all men." We plainly see (said I) this is a necessary consequence from what you have been saying; yet, methinks, I am not yet fully confirmed in this opinion. "This (concluded he) is because you are not yet thoroughly accustomed to think on this subject. For this reason, I earnestly conjure you, that you will follow these precepts through your whole life, and by fixing them in your minds, and by frequent practice, reduce them into habits. If you should yet have any doubts about what I have told you, return to me, and I will endeavour to remove them, and confirm you in the truth of what I have now explained."



## L I B E R T Y.

### AN ALLEGORY.

**I** Was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory called "The Tablature of Cebes." I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my

imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I FANCIED myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise, amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Liberty, whose presence softened the regions of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art.

There was a river that rose out of the south side of the mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I DESCENDED into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

ON the left hand of the goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majesty, without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

IN the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several arts and sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a



greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunder-bolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

THERE were two other dependent goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated on a hill, that had every plant growing out of it which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees, and in a word, with products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plow, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I WAS wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not encumbered with fences and inclosures; until at length methought I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came hither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, leaving the places to which

they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high until they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon; but my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that lead through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of the avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

TYRANNY was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

BEFORE the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.



## THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

## AN ALLEGORY.

A FEW days ago I had an account of the marriage of a friend. When occurrences of this nature make an impression upon the mind, it is insensibly betrayed into little animadversions upon them. This was my case in an extraordinary manner: for having mused sometime on this incident, I fell into an easy slumber, when fancy reassumed the subject, and sallied out in the following excursion.

METHOUGHT I was in an instant placed on the boundaries of a spacious plain; in the centre of which was presented to the eye a large temple consecrated to Hymen, the god of Marriage. At a small distance from me, I observed a giddy croud of both sexes, who were making towards the building, in order to celebrate the ceremony of the god. There was shuffled in among them a daemon, whose form was so peculiar, and whose sway with the multitude so universal, that I shall give my reader a particular description of him. It seems the name of this fury was Lust; in the upper part of his body he carried the likeness of a human figure, from the middle downwards, he bore the resemblance of a goat, his eyes were turgid, sparkling, and inflamed; his complexion was very irregular, attended with the most sudden transitions from a sanguine red to a livid paleness, and a tremor frequently seized every member.—Close followed him Dislike, with a sickly countenance, and supercilious eye; and Remorse with his hat flapped over his face, and a worm

gnawing his vitals. I was shocked at these monstrous appearances, and the more so, to observe how readily my fellow creatures gave into the impious suggestions of the *dæmon*. But my surprize was somewhat abated on a nearer approach; for I took notice that his breath was of such a malignant nature, that all those who rashly advanced within its influence, were presently intoxicated and deprived of their reason.

I was in such a consternation at this discovery, that I hesitated for a while, whether I should enter into conversation with the blithe adventurers before-mentioned. In the midst of my suspense, there came towards us a grave old gentleman of a steady and composed aspect, whose name was *Deliberation*. He was one of the princely agents belonging to the temple, and so high in the god's esteem, that *Hymen* was very rarely known to give his benediction, at the conclusion of the ceremony, to any couple who were not ushered into his presence by this venerable officer. Upon his joining the company (to the majority of which I found he was a perfect stranger) there was expressed an universal uneasiness and discontent; and many of them industriously avoided all conversation with him. But it was very remarkable, that all those who thus imprudently turned their backs on this valuable monitor, in their return from the temple were seized by one or both of the melancholy attendants of the fury.

AT my entrance into the building, I observed the deity marching at a small distance towards it. The first in the procession was *Love*, in the form of a *Cupid*, who was continually practising a thousand little arts and graces to draw upon him the smiles of the god; and by the tender regards which *Hymen* cast upon the child, I found he was a very great favourite.

THE god followed next, holding in his hand a flam-



ing torch, which shone the brighter the longer it burned; he approached us, supported by Virtue, a lady of the most engaging form that I ever beheld: she was clothed in a white refulgent garment; and her heart was encircled with glory.

THE next attendant was Beauty, arrayed in the most gorgeous apparel, and full of herself, even to distraction. She was handed along by Youth, a gay stripling, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and wings on his shoulders.

THEN appeared Wealth, in the figure of an old man meanly attired: his eyes were the eyes of a hawk, and his fingers curved and pointed inwards, like the talons of a raven; he was noisy, impudent, and presuming.

THE retinue was closed by Fancy, ever varying her features and dress; and what was very extraordinary, methought she charmed in all.

THE deity, immediately after his entrance into the temple, ascended his throne, and sat with his head gently reclined on Virtue's bosom. Love and Beauty took their station on the right hand: and on the left were dispersed Wealth and Fancy.

THE god quickly proceeded to the celebration of the nuptial rites; but there was such a confused sound of sighs and laughter, that I could not give the attention that was requisite, in order to present my reader with the several circumstances that occurred; only I took notice, that many of the matches were so very unequal, that the god yoked them with reluctance, and but half consented to his own institution.

AFTER the ceremony was over, silence was proclaimed in court, for Hymen was determined to decide a contest which had been of long standing, between the personages that attended the altar. Upon this declara-

tion the whole multitude divided, and, according to the particular impulses of their passions, took the party of the several competitors. The young had ranged themselves on the right hand of the throne, while others of more advanced years had posted themselves behind the disputants on the left.

LOVE began with entering his complaint against Wealth, setting forth, that his antagonist had seduced large numbers to his sentiments; that, as to himself, his interest very visibly declined every day, to the great prejudice of the state wherein the gods had designed him the pre eminence. While he was pursuing his arguments with great warmth, Poverty stepped forth from amidst the crowd, and stared the young plaintiff full in the face, who was so frightened at his sorrowful countenance that he fluttered his pinions in order for flight; when Wealth, rising up, addressed the judge, with shewing the necessity of his presence to make the marriage state replete with happiness, as it was originally intended by its institutor: together with many other arguments, which, if they had been delivered with the same modesty, as force, could not have failed of creating a multitude of converts to his side. This his speech was followed with a thunder of applause from the company behind. Upon which incident the old man began to triumph, and to reinforce his discourse; when, through the violence of his emotions, his garment flew open, and betrayed to view cares in the form of vultures hanging at his breast. Hereupon Love stood up, and would fain have reassumed his cause. But Hymen, who well knew that the presence of both was of the utmost importance in the performance of his institution, and impartially weighing what was urged by each of them, put an end to the contention, by proposing the union of their families, which was

immediately acceded to. No sooner were their hands joined, as the signal of the consent to the god's proposal, but Love immediately lighted up new smiles in his face, and appeared infinitely more charming than before. But the most surprizing change was wrought in the old man; his talons fell off in scales from his fingers, his eyes lost all their former fierceness, and the harsh lineaments of his countenance were at once softened into all the sweetness of humanity. Love approached him, and gently stroaking his bosom, stilled the hissing of the serpents, and assuaged the severity of his pain. This dispute being amicably adjusted, Beauty next advanced, and, after playing over many airs of affectation, put on a languishing look, and lisped out a mournful accusation against Wealth, intimating his usurpation over her, and the like. Scarce had she uttered these sentences, before there made up to her a grisly wight, whose hair was covered with a hoary frost, his face plowed with furrows, and down his cheeks distilled a scalding rheum. When the young lady thus saw Age limping towards her, she appeared in all the agonies of thought; the roses fell from her cheeks, and she sunk down into a swoon. Hymen understanding the temper of the girl, that she was proud and imperious, fond of government, and yet incapable of directing, divested her of a large share of power by disposing of her frontier towns to Fancy, who now acts with unlimited authority; nor admits any to pay their addresses to the gay virgin, without a prior interview with herself.

THE remainder of my dream being a confused number of ideas, without order or arrangement, I shall forbear to insert, in mercy to my reader.



THE  
DIFFERENT METHODS OF PURSUING  
W I S D O M.  
AN ALLEGORY.

**I**N early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain-top, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliffs in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; tradition forbade the attempt; traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

IN this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and the golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves and each other; they desired no greater pleasures, for they knew of none greater; ambition, pride, and envy, were vices unknown among them; and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called "The Valley of Ignorance."

AT length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gaz-



ed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still however he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity.

HIS first surprize was to find the skies, not as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain, but it rose to astonishment, when he beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. The distant country you so much admire, says the angelic being, is called the Land of Certainty: in that charming retreat, sentiment continues to refine every sensual banquet, the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity: ignorance in that country is wholly unknown, all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness, through those intervening regions you see overhung with fogs and darkness, and horrid forests, cataracts, caverns, and various shapes of danger; follow me.

THE intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the protection of the Genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction: but as they proceeded forward, the skies be-

came more more gloomy, and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way; the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration, now, therefore, advised his pupil to grope upon his hands and feet, as a method, though more slow, yet less liable to error.

IN this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another Genius, who with a precipitate pace seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

SERVANT of Hormizda, approaching the mortal pilgrim, if thou art travelling to the Land of Certainty, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a Genius who proceeds forward slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way; follow me, we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure awaits our arrival.

THE peremptory tone in which this Genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor, and leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

BUT soon he found reason to repent. Wherever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to de-

spise the obstacle, by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus every moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes served only to increase his guide's temerity. He led him therefore forward amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean that appeared unnavigable, from the black mists which lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

THE Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive; but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Dæmon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre; but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

I HAVE called you to duty, cries the Genius to the Dæmon, to bear on your back a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubts into the Land of Confidence: I expect you will perform your commission with punctuality. As for you, continued the Genius, addressing the traveller, when once I have bound this fillet around

your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at the Region of Pleasure.

THUS saying, and the traveller's eyes being covered, the Dæmon muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly up-born by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder nor the most angry tempest could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The Dæmon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean: a thousand voices, some with loud invective, others in farcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round: but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flatterers effected what means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side on the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival; the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long wished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him: but he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half way over. The Dæmon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subja-cent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after was seen to rise.





## THE LOVER'S VISION.

**W**ITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,  
Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever  
flows;

Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,  
Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day;  
Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,  
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;  
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,  
And where ev'n jealousy some quiet finds;  
There I and sorrow for a while could part,  
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart.  
But here too soon a wretched lover found  
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;  
With strange surprize my troubled fancy brings  
Odd antick shapes of wild unheard-of things;  
Dismal and terrible they all appear,  
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.  
But as when visions glad the eyes of fairs,  
And kind relief attends devout complaints,  
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,  
And spreads a glory round, that's all divine;  
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,  
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.  
The fairest shape was then before me brought,  
That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;  
How weak are words to shew such excellence,  
Which ev'n confounds the soul as well as sense!  
And while our eyes transporting pleasure find,  
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.

Some angel speak her praise! No human tongue,  
 But with its utmost art must do her wrong.  
 The only woman that has pow'r to kill,  
 And yet is good enough to want the will;  
 Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,  
 Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.  
 Fantastick beauty, always in the wrong,  
 Still thinks some pride must to its pow'r belong;  
 An air affected, and a haughty mien;  
 Something that seems to say, "I would be seen."  
 But of all womankind this only she,  
 Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,  
 Deserves some nobler muse her fame to raise,  
 By making the whole sex beside, her pyramid of praise.  
 She, she appear'd, the source of all my joys;  
 The dearest care that all my thought employs:  
 Gently she look'd, as when I left her last;  
 When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast;  
 When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,  
 I saw my doom came not from her, but fate.  
 With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,  
 And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain:  
 Why, gentle swain, said she, why do you grieve  
 In words I should not hear, much less believe?  
 I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,  
 And ought to fly the danger which I find:  
 Of false mankind though you may be the best,  
 Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.  
 I see your pain, and see it too with grief.  
 Because I would, yet must not give relief.  
 Thus, for a husband's sake, as well as yours,  
 My scrup'lous soul divided pain endures;  
 Guilty, alas! to both; for thus I do  
 Too much for him, yet not enough for you.

Give over then, give over, hapless swain,  
 A passion moving, but a passion vain.  
 Not chance, nor time shall ever change my thought:  
 'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.

OH, worse than ever! Is it then my doom  
 Just to see Heav'n, where I ne'er must come?  
 Your soft compassion, if not something more:  
 Yet I remain as wretched as before:  
 The wind, indeed, is fair, but ah! no sight of shore.  
 Farewell, too scrup'lous fair-one; oh! farewell.  
 What torments I endure, no tongue can tell;  
 Thank Heav'n, my fate transports me now, where I  
 Your martyr may with ease and safety die.

WITH that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,  
 While she impos'd this cruel kind command:  
 Live and love on; you will be true, I know;  
 But live then, and come back to tell me so;  
 For though I blush at this last guilty breath,  
 I can endure that better than your death.

TORMENTING kindness! Barbarous reprove!  
 Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!

THIS tender scene my dream repeated o'er,  
 Just as it pass'd in real truth before.  
 Methought I then fell grov'ring to the ground,  
 'Till on a sudden rais'd, I wond'ring found  
 A strange appearance all in taintless white;  
 His form gave rev'rence, and his face delight:  
 Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen;  
 Gentle his look, and affable his mien.  
 A kindly notice of me thus he took:  
 "What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly look!  
 "These trembling joints, this loose dishevel'd hair,  
 "And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair?"

WITH grief and wonder first my spirits faint,  
 But thus, at last, I vented my complaint.

Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,  
 And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.  
 There shines a nymph, to whom an envy'd swain  
 Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;  
 But cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,  
 And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;  
 And will, most husband-like, not only range  
 For love perhaps of nothing else but change;  
 But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,  
 And courts her love, in scorn of Flavia's eyes.

ALL this I knew (the form divine reply'd)  
 And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,  
 Which proves sincere. Of both I know the mind;  
 She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind:  
 But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd:  
 Whatever time or absence come betwixt;  
 Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers  
 To others love, I'll something soften hers.  
 Else in the search of virtue she may stray:  
 Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.  
 She now indeed sins on the safer side,  
 For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;  
 But no extremes are either good or wise,  
 And in the midst alone true virtue lies.  
 When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,  
 'Tis a mere contract, made by human care,  
 By which they both are for convenience ty'd,  
 The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride:  
 For circumstances alter ev'ry ill,  
 And women meet with most temptation still;  
 She a forsaken bed must often bear,  
 While he can never fail to find here there,  
 And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere.  
 Yet this she ought to suffer and submit:  
 But when no longer for each other fit,



If usage base shall just resentment move,  
Or, what is worse, affronts of wand'ring love;  
No obligation after that remains.

'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.

YET decency requires the wonted cares  
Of int'rest, children, and remote affairs;  
But in her love, that dear concern of life,  
She all the while may be another's wife:  
Heav'n that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,  
Permits a lover in her husband's stead.

I FLUNG me at his feet, his robes would kiss,  
And cry'd—Ev'n our base world is just in this;  
Amidst our censures love we gently blame,  
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.  
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?  
When honour, checks, and conscience plead in vain;  
When parents threats, and friends persuasions fail,  
When int'rest and ambition scarce prevail,  
To bound the sex when nothing else can move;  
They'll live reserv'd to please the man they love!

THE spirit then reply'd to all I said,  
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;  
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:  
Then she will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:  
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,  
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,

All trembling at my doom;  
Dreams oft repeat adventures past,  
And tell our ills to come.



## A VISION.

**H**OW are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! what excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendour of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It must needs happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction for the relation of it.

I FOUND myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, silent, and called the River of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overfet by the impatience and

haste of single passengers to arrive on the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

WHEN we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

FOR my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to over-shadow tombs and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants,

who had cast themselves disconsolately at the foot of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly a-cross the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

WE had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the Grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow, and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their hollow murmur with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the Doleful Being herself; the path to her was strewn with goads, stings, and thorns; and the throne on which she sat was broken into a rock with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her, her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting into a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward Troubles to



suck the blood from her heart in the shape of Vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what we suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

WITH her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the groundwork of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

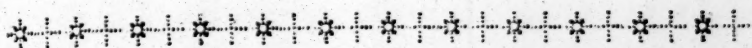
A CONSIDERABLE part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the

trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracts of it of a lighter greynefs, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country Gleams of Amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of longer continuance; the Sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

WHEN we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore, to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at that time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters, that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

THE river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey: and all concluded, that in a case of so much affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to

which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.



## THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

### A VISION.

**M**ETHOUGHT I was suddenly transported into the Palace of Pleasure, where in spite of the magnificence of the mansion, and the specious charms of the goddesses, I discovered, on a close attention, such affectation and illusion in both, with such distress in many of her votaries, ill concealed under artificial smiles, that I broke away with a mixture of disdain and horror, and made what haste I could from the place. I had not gone far when I was met by a good old man, who gives directions to all travellers that are willing to be directed, and who was called the Genius of Education. Perceiving me pensive, he inquired into the cause. I told him where I had been, and what I had observed, and added, that being myself a young traveller in quest of Happiness, I was uncertain which way to take. He looked at me with generous compassion, and bade me follow him; he conducted me along a windy path up a hill, on the top of which we found an open pavillion, which commanded a prospect of the whole country round. As we approached, we perceived an old man sitting in a musing posture on a chair of polished metal, which cast an uncommon lustre about him, and reflected the images of surrounding objects. He held in his hand a telescope, and my guide informed me, that his name was Contemplation; that he was one of the eldest sons of Wis-

dom, and that he was placed on that hill by Virtue, the sovereign of a great adjoining empire, to direct those who were travelling towards her temple.

As we entered his pavillion, he rose and came forward to receive us. Being struck with reverence, I was at first silent. But at length I told him where I had been and whither I was going. Contemplation said, that if I would trust myself to his care, he would conduct me. Having joyfully accepted his offer, and being warmly recommended to him by my first guide, he led me to the brow of the hill, from whence we could descry a wide extent of country below, and innumerable travellers crossing it by a thousand different roads. "That large tract, said he, which you see to the left so variegated with hills, and dales, and groves, and streams, and so full of inhabitants and travellers, is the dominion of a powerful forcerefs, who affects to be called Pleasure, but whose true name is Vice. You see her palace, and to confirm you in your opinion of her character, you may observe," through this telescope, "how some of her votaries are lost in the mazes of the neighbouring wood, how others wander up and down from one bower of the garden to another, forlorn and distracted; whilst many of them are dragged away to a dirty cave, which is concealed from those who enter into her palace, called the Cave of Poverty: Not far from thence, you may perceive a strong prison, the House of Discipline. It is kept by two frightful beings, called Punishment and Terroure, who inflict toil, and pain, and disgrace, on such malefactors as are delivered into their hands.

"BUT now, cast your eye again over the country. It is divided into sundry districts, lying in a circle round the palace of Pleasure. In their respective centers stand the seats of her principal ministers; on one



side, you see, the mansion of Luxury, adorned with all the extravagance of art." And here he desired me to mark with particular care an outlet from the gardens leading directly to the Cave of Poverty.

THEN turning the telescope to another side, "Yonder, said he, is the abode of Intemperance. It resembles a great inn, to which passengers are continually crouding. You may observe, that hardly any one comes out with the same countenance or shape with which they went in, but are transformed into the likeness of different beasts. At a little distance is a large hospital into which the poor wretches are thrown from time to time, and condemned to sickness, pain, and putrefaction."

He next shewed me the town of Ambition, built on the top of a very high hill. "Thither, said he, you behold multitudes climbing from different quarters, struggling who shall get foremost, and pushing down those before them. On one side of it, is a steep and slippery precipice, from which the most part, after having with infinite toil and contention gained it, tumble headlong into a bottomless gulf, and are never heard of more. On the other side, is a secret path, which grows broader by degrees. At the entrance of which stands Corruption. The path, after winding up the hill, leads down again by a straight descent, till it terminates in the Dungeon of Infamy.

"THE valley below, is possessed by Vanity, whose district is still better peopled than the others. She allures most travellers, by promising to lead them to the palace of her mistress through the temple of Fame. Those who are decoyed by her, are generally consigned over to the scoffs of Ridicule, who derides their folly, and then shuts them up in the Cell of Contempt."

AFTER this, Contemplation pointed out to me, in a remote corner of the country, that looked as if it had been disjoined from all the rest, a castle, which he said was inhabited by an old usurer, named Avarice, who though a chief retainer to Vice, yet refused to acknowledge her by the name of Pleasure. "An iron gate is the only entrance. It is secured within by many strong bolts, and guarded without by Hunger and Anxiety, who let none pass into the castle, till they have served a sufficient time in the outer yard, where some are digging, some hewing stones, and others carrying heavy burdens. It is remarkable, added he, that from the lowest cellar of the house there is a long subterraneous passage to the Cave of Poverty."

THEN directing my eye to the right side of the hill, he shewed me a country spacious and noble, but hilly and difficult of access. I perceived fewer travellers in it than in the other, which I had just been viewing: yet there were more than at first appeared. At the farther end of it, I descried a magnificent temple, "That country, said my guide, is the dominion of Virtue, in which the inhabitants are inured to labour, but reap the fruits of it in health of body, and tranquillity of mind. These roughnesses and precipices which you see, are chiefly in the entrance. As you advance it grows more smooth. The temple which you descrie is that of the goddess, where she receives and rewards her faithful votaries, who enjoy, beyond the power of time and sorrow, that Happiness which you pursue. Oh blessed votaries! cried I; oh glorious temple; this moment let us hasten thither, for I long to be there." My guide approved of my ardour; but, to prevent presumption, told me that I should still meet with considerable difficulties in the road; and led me down the hill.

WE were no sooner got to the foot of it, than I began to find his predictions true. For after forcing our way through thickets with no little trouble, we came to a road that lay up hill, and appeared abrupt and craggy. These inconveniences, though I had been warned of them, discouraged me; so that being impatient to get clear of them, I hurried on before my guide. But the faster I went, the more I was perplexed. And indeed the path was so narrow, that I easily deviated into by-roads; which I was the more tempted to do by the approach of some persons of a grave appearance, who told me they were going the same way, and were retainers to the goddess, to whose temple I was travelling.

THE first I met was drest in a plain garb, he had a blunt demure aspect somewhat inclining to the sullen, inveighed strongly against the manners of the country from which I came, spoke of the folly and knavery of mankind with great acrimony, and told me that many were professed, but few or none real friends to Virtue. He called himself Honestly, and bade me follow him, offering to conduct me the shortest way to her temple. I was glad to accept his offer, but quickly repented. For he led me through worse thickets than those I had already past, where I was torn with the briars on every side. This made me resolve to follow him no longer. His true name I found afterwards was Cynical Sourness.

UPON his leaving me, there advanced a still more homely figure. He had a mortified visage, with a matted beard which reached down to his middle, was clad in sackcloth, girt with a rope, and was bare footed. The name he assumed was Temperance, though I understood afterwards that he was Monkish Austerity. Notwithstanding his form and air were in many

respects none of the most engaging, yet as he professed the utmost simplicity, put on a sanctimonious look, and peremptorily asserted that there was no other way to the temple of Virtue but through his cell, I was induced to follow him. But the road he led me was so rough and stony, his discourse was so forbidding, and his deportment so fierce, that I soon deserted him.

THE next who addressed me, was a stately personage, with a plausible countenance, and an air of grandeur, in which however there appeared something starched and haughty. He gave me to know that he was by profession a Philosopher, spoke much of his disinterested zeal, his unconfined benevolence, his inflexible probity, his perfect command over all his passions, his sovereign contempt both of Pain and Pleasure, and boldly affirmed that none but he knew the road to the temple of Virtue. His name, he said, was Stoicism, though his enemies through spite often mis-called him Pride. Imposed upon by a name so celebrated, and such lofty pretensions, I readily accepted his conduct. But he led me sometimes through bogs and sometimes over precipices, yet I could not perceive that we gained any ground. So that being quite disheartened by so many unsuccessful experiments, I determined to adhere to my old guide, who had never lost sight of me. Seeing me now alone, he came up, and on my confessing my error in leaving him, forgave me.

WE had not proceeded far, when I was accosted by some other persons, who were not without allurements; all were clad in the livery of Virtue, and all pretended to be of her family; my guide however assured me they were counterfeits. Cunning notwithstanding his squint eyes and short sight endeavoured to pass for Pru-



dence, Severity for Justice, Weakness for Good-nature; and Profusion for Liberality.

My guide conducted me by a path with which he alone was acquainted, to a green sequestered bower, at the door of which sat a venerable old woman of a mild and sedate appearance. She knew my guide, and smiling at sight of him opened the door, without speaking a word. He told me she had been his nurse, and that her name was Solitude. We had no sooner entered than we saw a woman of incomparable beauty. Her countenance was open, her eyes were bright and penetrating, and her whole form seemed to radiate with light. My guide having informed her who I was, and whence I came, recommended me to her care, and told me I might safely travel onward under her directions, who was his favourite daughter, and whose name was Truth. He then left us, and immediately we set forward on our journey.

Now and then certain phantoms, of an odd figure and fantastic dress, would make up to me, and try by a variety of arts to entice me from my new guide. These were partisans of Pleasure, sent to the frontiers of Virtue, to embarrass and decoy young travellers. Some, as I remember, were Vain-glory, Popular Applause, False Shame, Derision, Detraction, Novelty, Fashion. I felt some curiosity to enter into discourse with them. But my guide pulling out a mirror in which all things are represented as they are, presented it to the spectres: upon which some of them totally disappeared, and others sunk into the most diminutive and despicable figures imaginable.

As we travelled forward, my guide anointed my eyes with a clear and sparkling liquor, from a cup of crystal which she carried in her hand, and immediately I saw objects at a greater distance, and more distinct-

ly than before. My guide desired me to look back on the palace of Pleasure. And how was I struck to see all its magnificence vanished, itself suspended, with a tremulous motion in the air, and the adjacent fields which had before seemed to be so fruitful and well watered, all transformed into a frightful waste! The goddess herself was shrivelled into an ugly hag, sitting in a darksome corner, pale and trembling, accompanied only by a few of her wretched attendants and votaries, who appeared as so many furies reproaching her and one another, and tearing themselves with anguish and despair. I turned away with horror and disgust, and intreated my guide to lead on.

As we advanced, we were accosted by a youth, who seemed to be remarkably vigorous and robust. His complexion was of that kind which is acquired by toil. He had a steady look, not without some mixture of sternness; he grasped in his hand a club, and walked with great composure and firmness. "This youth, said my guide, is a near ally of my family; he is the child of Contemplation by Liberty. He is called Resolution, and has a temper compounded of the fire of the Mother, and the coolness of the Father." His presence inspired me with new spirit, and I pressed on with fresh alacrity.

INDEED I quickly found I should want it all. For I observed at some distance a vast mishapen rock, which I understood I must necessarily climb. It proved so exceeding arduous and slippery, that I fell back almost as fast as I ascended. There lodged too, as my guide informed me, in one of its cavities a monster, whom we must needs subdue before we could reach the top. Scarce had she done speaking, when a creature of a most hideous form rushed out upon us. He had the face of a Man: but it was more fierce and terrible than

that of a Lion. His eyes darted fire. Out of his nostrils issued a baleful stream that poisoned the air; and his roaring was like the sound of many waters. He was armed with scales almost impenetrable, and instead of hands had sharp claws, which tore whatever came in their way. His name was Self Will. He was attended by a figure of a pale and fallow visage, whose eyes were sunk in her head, and rolled round with wildness and fury. Her tresses hung loose about her shoulders, and she had in all her looks and gesture an air of distraction. In one hand she carried a string of beads, which she seemed to tell with great earnestness; and in the other a bloody scourge. She muttered an unintelligible sort of jargon, and had a key hung to her girdle, with which, as my guide told me afterwards, she pretended to open or shut the temple of Virtue, and the abode of Happiness. Her name was Bigotry. On sight of this shocking pair, I was seized with a dreadful panick. But Resolution instantly fell upon the monster with his club, and dealt his blows with great force, calling to me in the mean time not to be afraid. Yet I could not help trembling for the event. Indeed my companion was pressed so hard by the monster, that he must soon have fallen a prey to his rage, had not our provident guide brought to our aid a seasonable reinforcement.

In the appearance of the power that interposed there was somewhat more majestic and divine than any thing I had ever seen. Her eyes effused ineffable mildness mingled with modest triumph. They were mostly fixed on Heaven, with such a spirit of unaffected but sublime devotion, as almost lifted the beholder thither. Her garment, which hung loose from her shoulders, and reached down to her feet, was white as snow. All her motions were at once serene and awful. The name

of this radiant Power was Religion, and Bigotry vanished at her approach. In her hand she carried a box of frankincense: And having cast some of it on a little altar that stood by, it raised a cloud of smoke, which so affrighted the monster that he ran bellowing away. The smoke was succeeded by a celestial odour, that soon dispersed the noisome vapour which he had caused.

THE consternation I was in, and the splendor of Religion, had hitherto prevented me from taking notice of three blooming figures that attended her; she told me they were her daughters, Faith, Humility, and Hope. The first had her head invested with a circle of rays, which threw a cheering light on all around her. Her eyes were chiefly turned towards her parent, who beheld her with reciprocal and superior delight. She carried before her a shield of divine workmanship, and went foremost. Humility, cloathed in a vesture of a dark sober hue, which trailed on the ground, walked slowly with a downcast look. Hope had in her hand an opening bud, fresh and fragrant as the morning rose. She heedfully marked the motions of her elder sister, and in her countenance a pleasing tranquillity, which seemed a mixture of gravity and cheerfulness, bordering upon rapture.

As we walked onwards, we were joined by an elderly personage, who appeared still fresh and vigorous. He was clad in a plain russet cloak, had a meek and contented aspect, and carried in his hand a staff, on which he sometimes leaned. He was provided with a box of ointment, to dress the wounds of those travellers, who had been hurt by the asperities of the road; his name was Patience. This gracious Power going before, lent me his hand; and by his assistance I climbed to the top of the rock with ease. I perceived in-



deed, after he joined us, that the way became more smooth, and more agreeable in all respects. We still ascended, but the ascent diminished: The sun, but lately risen, gilded the horizon, and illuminated the fairest country I ever beheld. Beauteous prospects opened on every side. To the barren wilds and frightful precipices we had past, succeeded green meadows, flowery lawns, and translucent streams of living water.

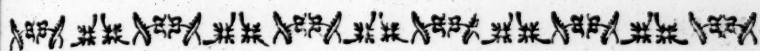
THE temple, in full sight of which we were now come, stood on the summit of the hill: it was built of a transparent stone, that admitted light from every quarter. It was of a quadrangular form, and had at top a magnificent dome. Its portal was supported by a double row of pillars of the Dorick order. The entry was guarded by two centinels, who had something in their looks so awful, that several travellers recoiled at sight of them. Their names were, Temperance and Fortitude. The former held a bridle, and the latter a spear. Though their first appearance was rather stern and forbidding, it softened on us as soon as they observed the company we were in. The gates stood wide open, we ascended by easy steps, and entered. I was transported with the beauty and greatness of the place. The height and circumference of the dome both filled and delighted the eyes. The manner of the whole was simple and solemn. There was no need of adventitious decorations, and there were none.

AT the upper end of the temple, on a throne of state, appeared the goddess. Her complexion was clear, healthful, and animated, her features were regular, and well proportioned, but had a kind of masculine air. Her eyes were blue, beautiful and piercing. In all her mien there was a happy mixture of dignity and modesty. A sprig of laurel was wreathed round her temples. She wore a robe of the purest purple, which

was girt with a zone about her waist; she held in her hand an imperial sword, the emblem of power and authority. Before the throne, which was of alabaster, were placed various ensigns of dominion, and the several symbols of the polite arts.

THE presence of the goddesses overwhelmed me with veneration and rapture, and I stood for some time immoveable. When I was a little recovered from my extasy, my guide pointing to the throne, said, "There sits the Divinity of the place, the daughter of Wisdom and Love. She was brought forth at a birth with Happiness, her sister, and inseparable companion; and sent down from above, as the best of men, and the surest directress of life; the guardian of youth, the glory of manhood, and the comforter of old age. By her instructions and laws human society is formed and maintained; and human nature, by converse with her, grows truly godlike."

THE votaries, as they approached, were introduced to the presence by a young virgin of the most lovely appearance, who could not perform her task without blushing. Her name was Modesty. The goddesses ordered her Recorder, who sat on a bench below her, to read their several stories. The Recorder's name was Conscience. There was spread before him a huge volume, in which were registered the actions of men, as well the most disguised and secret, as the most open and avowed. Nor did any ever contradict the testimony of Conscience, without being self-condemned.



## O P P R E S S I O N.

## A N A L L E G O R Y.

**O**N the banks of a fruitful river, stands the rich and beauteous Zinon, chief city of the kingdom of Tafrah, inhabited by a brave and warlike people, possessing many blessings, and worthy of enjoying them, by readily acknowledging their happiness; over them reigns their monarch Zulim, a prince endowed with many virtues, whose principal delight consists in beholding the welfare of his subjects. After a long and expensive war against his enemies of a neighbouring kingdom, the inhabitants of Tafrah experienced the blessings of peace; many years the olive-branch remained flourishing, but at length the rumour of war seemed ready to blast its verdure; the good Zulim, by repeated advice to the great men of his kingdom, urged them to pursue such measures as they judged most proper for the honour and happiness of his crown, but more especially of his people. Relying on their wisdom, he contented himself with hopes they would act in conformity to his advice, therefore remained in domestic felicity with his beloved queen, and beauteous progeny.

ONE evening as he was alone in his closet, having just parted from his Cephiza, on a sudden the battlements of the palace seemed to shake; a noise resembling the thunder of heaven, when most violent, was heard; a thick smoke filled the room wherein sat the astonished Zulim, which as it evaporated, presented to his eyes the genii Gondarac, who with a voice tre-

mendous as the roar of a volcano, thus addressed the monarch:

“Is it thus, O Zulim, thou contentest thyself in ease and inattention, whilst thy faithful people are oppressed? not even the rectitude of thine own heart will extenuate, if thou dost dispense power to those who misuse it. The deity I serve and whom thy subjects revere is incensed; she rends her azure mantle, and casts from her the cap and staff of indulgence, since they can be of no further use to the inhabitants of Tافراه! with indignant anger she beholds those who pretended to echo her name the loudest, now trample on the ground her social laws; the furious Pysent, long her pretended votary, and and whom thy favour has made great, seeks by every powerful attempt to subvert her salutary precepts, and argues for oppression;—but enough—I must now obey, and by real scenes convince Zulim of the truth.” So saying, he caught up the amazed monarch, and, sudden as the lightning’s flash, conveyed him a distance from the palace, alighting under the cover of an humble cot; when breathing on him a blue vapour, the prince instantly became invisible; then Gondarac bad him observe with the attention of mercy and compassion.

THE bright luminary was just sinking beneath the western hills, gilding the surrounding æther with her smiles; at the door of the cottage stood a young woman, in whose face chearful innocence and health sat triumphant; in each hand she held a blooming infant, and frequently turned her head to view the guiltless slumbers of one still younger in the cradle; she now went a few steps from the door, but soon returned with him, for whom she had waited; the happy husband entered, and seating himself near a table, the two children



leaving their mother, came and prattled at his knees, each seeming anxious to share the envied smile;—the little infant in the cradle now awoke, which the pleased father, though tired with the day's toil, soon took, and placing it on his knee, began to sing a soothing lullaby; while his happy wife spread the table with her homely fare: such calm content delighted the good heart of Zulim, who was preparing to enquire of Gondarac, where was the misery he had promised to shew him; but ere his speech found utterance, a boisterous noise was heard, a ruffian band, authorized by power, now entered the cottage, and soon laid hold on the harmless peasant, to the terror of himself and astonished family; not all his artless yet expressive supplications could prevail; the tears of the unhappy wife and clasped hands of his little innocents were ineffectual; they tore him away, saying, with horrid imprecations, “He should go with them to serve Zulim, and fight against the enemy;” during which speech they threw the infant he held on his knee into the arms of its fainting mother. Gondarac now asked the monarch if he was satisfied, and had seen enough of misery occasioned by lawless power?

The compassionate prince hid his face in the imperial mantle, while sighs and tears acknowledged the affirmative; to whom the genii, after replacing him in his palace, thus spoke:

“It is not enough, O Zulim, that thou seekest for those miseries: exert thy utmost efforts to prevent them; convince thine oppressed people thou art in reality their father, and rest assured the inhabitants of Tafrah will readily assist thee; but remember that assistance will proceed much sooner from lenient than compulsive means.” The thick smoke now

encircled the genii, and he left the trembling monarch to his own reflections.



## REASON AND FANCY.

### A VISION.

**T**HERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope: other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

HOPE is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing, or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

HOPE is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I WAS musing on this strange inclination which e-

every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sun-shine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

THOUGH I was confounded with so many alterations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness; yet

each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the croud; and, therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I LEFT him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

BEING thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of



Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I TURNED my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I THEN mounted an eminence from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crouds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress, she held her gate open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crouded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

FROM the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the Streight of Difficulty, which those who entered with the permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very chearfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on a sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed

them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pit-falls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

TURNING then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessiblely steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the Streight of Difficulty.

PART of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb up the mountain, turned immediately to the Vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with

believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest, and they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

AMONG this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all questions, and willing to communicate their mirth; but in turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of fright and distress burst out and awaked me.



### D E A T H.    A N    A L L E G O R Y.

**S**UCH and so great is the power of deceit, that while health is our own, specious shews and fair appearances will blind the judgment of the deepest observer.

For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone.

MILTON.

In order therefore to know the true state of the human heart, we must wait till the closing of our life, for then only, in the hearts of many, sincerity takes possession; whatever shews we have made, then, if they were false, the prospect of approaching Death will soon discover the deceit.

FULL of these reflections I fell asleep, and was methought insensibly conveyed on to an eminence, whence I saw a city crouded with inhabitants who seemed in

general afraid of a Spectre that constantly stalked among them armed with a dart, with which whosoever was struck immediately expired. Some indeed, I observed who seemed not to fly from him; but I perceived nevertheless, that whenever he passed, they shrunk and turned pale. His arm was constantly employed: some he met and killed, while he followed others and struck them unseen or unapprehended. I longed eagerly to go among them, because I saw that whenever Death (for it was he) lifted up his arm to strike against any one, his breast appeared transparent, so that one might behold what passed within; but though my ardent curiosity excited me to join them, yet the stronger fear of the spectre restrained me.

WHILE I was agitated by fear and desire, a youth approached me with an instrument in his hand, opened my breast, took thence my heart, and pressing it, the fumes peccati flowed out so abundantly, that I was struck with shame at the sight; he then replaced it in me, closed the wound, and disappeared.

EVERY one will imagine I was not a little startled at this operation, but I was not less pleased with the wonderful effects of it that I felt in me; all fear of the late-dreaded spectre vanished, and I ascended the hill, and made one in the croud. As I was under no apprehension or concern for myself, I kept near him, in order to observe the hearts of those he approached.

WE entered a house together, where I heard a confused noise in a room which we made up to; it proceeded from a set of atheists and blasphemers, one of whom was particularly loud in praise of the poor arguments of Spinoza; as

—Over him triumphant Death his dart  
Shook but delay'd to strike,—



I discovered his heart, wherein fat Ignorance with her eyes shut, and Fear, who dreading the uplifted dart, forced him upon his knees, made him beg his life, renounce his principles, and own his deity. Upon the spectre's withdrawing his arm, and stalking out of the room, I followed him rejoicing at this wretch's apostacy, when I was surprized with hearing his voice distinguished in blasphemies and lies above the rest.

THE next was a most piteous sight: a young lady in the bloom of beauty lay expecting the final stroke. I will not describe the afflicting scene of mourners round her; it is not to be described; but she herself most engaged (as she most merited) my attention. I trembled while I saw the uplifted hand of Death; but the view of her heart dispelled that concern, and filled me with a generous pleasure. I there beheld Faith, with a smile upon her countenance, as expressive of expected happiness; Virtue in the form of an angel, and Religion with erected hands and lifted eyes, were the visible inmates of her heart. The dart descended; she died (angelic creature!) and soared to the seats of immortal life and joy.

WE then approached a youth whose heart at the sight of the impending dart, was in wonderful agitation; hope and fear, rage and trembling reigned in it alternately; it sometimes shrunk to nothing, and immediately after swelled to a more than ordinary size: but when the dart struck him, it burst amidst the most dreadful execrations imaginable.

I WAS in amaze at his fearful exit, and was something pleased at hearing another whom he approached, profess an entire resignation to Providence; when the dart was raised I examined his breast, but could perceive no passage from his heart to his tongue; he still

continued his protestations, when he was struck with a lie in his mouth.

LEAVING him, Death followed several, but at last turned into the house of one of my friends: trembling I followed: but how delighted was I to find, that while the dart was pendent over him, Religion, Peace, and Quiet reigned in his breast. His tongue, from the sincerity of his heart, breathed unaffected piety. When Death brought down his arm, he closed his eyes, and died in the utmost serenity of soul and body.

I COULD relate many more occurrences, but thro' fear of being too long I forbear; though I cannot but mention one in a red coat, who was notorious for perpetual boasting how little he feared any thing, but upon the distant prospect of the spectre, fainted, sunk, and died away.

AFTER many slaughters, the horrid image faced about, and turned upon me. I remember that I was under no manner of surprize or concern, but upon his striking me, fell, in hope of soon finding myself in some Elysium, but to my sorrow found I was in bed, and that all had been a dream.

THIS use however let me (and with me my readers) make of it, that it may be my care, "to die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his."





## THE VISION OF ALMET

## THE DERVISE.

**A**LMET the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

THE dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

ALMET, said the stranger, thou see'st before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks, when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come; a purpose

which yet I feared to reveal, lest like all the former it should be disappointed.

ALMET listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and, stretching out his hand towards heaven, Stranger, said he, the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eyes wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are ye busy? if to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those, to whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger; or whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession, what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not



known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made?

WHILE my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and crouds of Mecca disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. Almet, said he, thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding: It is again open before thee; look up, consider it and be wise.

I LOOKED up, and beheld an inclosure beautiful as the gardens of paradise, but of a small extent. Thro' the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: On one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bow-

ers, fountains, grottoes and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

WHILE I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: His eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: The book of nature, said he, is before thee; look up, consider it and be wise. I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren: on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up: but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eyes fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence: Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of

pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I TURNED again towards the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: Almet, said he, remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round about its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled thro' the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

WHAT then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all: Remem-

ber, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.

WHILE the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

SUCH, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: But go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou 'rejoice in hope,' and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

ALMET, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.







## PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

## AN ALLEGORY.

**P**ROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring: but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy, in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to them by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom, she said, it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

VELASCO, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent ill consequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lot; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were according-

ly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

SOON after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

THE husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

BUT as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by mounds, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by oeconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had entertained and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with intreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off,

and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

WHAT became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

LET us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence, that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Libyan Syrtes, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests, overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time, and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel; weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

I AM sent, says she, by the gods to those only whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to re-

ceive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content.

URANIO listened to her words with great attention, and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees, his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, "That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and, in his addresses to the gods, instead of supplicating for riches and popularity, to pray only for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him every day to be more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an



account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last releas'd by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seem'd to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wish'd for her return. But though he rejoic'd in her absence, he treasur'd up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determin'd to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employ'd his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompass'd with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,  
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.  
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,  
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train?

HE lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.



## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

### AN ALLEGORY.

#### I.

**N**OW had the son of Jove mature, attained  
 The joyful prime: when youth, elate and gay,  
 Steps into life; and follows unrestrained  
 Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.  
 In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,  
 Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;  
 Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears  
 By just degrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:  
 For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,  
 The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly  
 breast.

#### II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age  
 For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought  
 Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;  
 Step following step, and thought succeeding thought:  
 Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued  
 His walk; and lost in meditation, stray'd  
 Far in a lonely vale, with solitude  
 Conversing: while intent his mind survey'd  
 The dubious path of life: before him lay  
 Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry  
 way.

## III.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:  
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame,  
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd  
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.  
When lo! far off two female forms he spies;  
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear:  
Both, large and tall, exceeding human size;  
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.  
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move,  
This, striking sacred awe; that, softer, winning love.

## IV.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd;  
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more:  
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;  
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore.  
August she trod, yet modest was her air;  
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.  
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,  
More mild appear'd: yet such as might inspire  
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;  
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

## V.

The other dame seemed ev'n of fairer hue;  
But bold her mien; unguarded rovd her eye:  
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view,  
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye,

All soft and delicate, with airy swim  
 Lightly she danced along; her robe betray'd  
 Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,  
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:  
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,  
 Her stature shew'd more tall; more snowy white her  
 skin.

## VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;  
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw;  
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,  
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.  
 As they came near, before that other maid  
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd  
 With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,  
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd.  
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung:  
 Sweet as the honey dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

## VII.

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?  
 Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?  
 Securely follow, where I lead the way;  
 And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.  
 With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,  
 Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:  
 Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;  
 Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.  
 With me retire from toils and perils free;  
 Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made  
 for thee.



## VIII.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;  
All that can charm thine ear, and please thy sight.  
All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,  
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.  
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,  
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love;  
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;  
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove:  
Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head;  
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy  
bed.

## IX.

These will I, freely, constantly supply;  
Pleasures not earn'd with toil nor mix'd with woe:  
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly;  
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow,  
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine;  
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil:  
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win;  
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil;  
These softer cares my blest allies employ,  
New pleasures to invent; to wish, and to enjoy."

## X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught;  
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid,  
Still gaz'd, and listen'd: then her name besought:  
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.

Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:  
 They share my bliss; they best can speak my praise:  
 Tho' Slander call me Sloth—detraction vain!  
 Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;  
 Slander still prompt true merit to defame;  
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest  
 name."

## XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid:  
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,  
 Compos'd advanc'd) "Know, Hercules, she said  
 With manly tone, thy birth of heav'nly race;  
 Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,  
 Promised thee generous, patient, brave, and wise;  
 When manhood shall confirm thy glorious choice:  
 Now expectation waits to see thee rise:  
 Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me: approve  
 Thy high descent from heav'n; and dare be worthy  
 Jove.

## XII.

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not dis-  
 guise;  
 The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd:  
 Watching and cares must win the lofty prize  
 Propos'd by heav'n; true bliss, and real good.  
 Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;  
 She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:  
 Danger and Toil stand stern before his throne;  
 And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.  
 Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,  
 And pay the price of fame; labour, and care, and  
 pain.

## XIII.

Wouldst thou engage the gods' peculiar care?  
 O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!  
 With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r  
 Attend their altars; and their aid implore.  
 Or wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,  
 Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?  
 Be thou the bold assertor of her cause;  
 Her voice in council; in the fight, her sword.  
 In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good:  
 For her, bare thy bold breast; and pour thy generous  
 blood.

## XIV.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift the oppress'd,  
 In arts of war and matchless strength excell?  
 First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,  
 To each soft thought of pleasure bid farewell.  
 The night alternate, due to sweet repose,  
 In watches; waste in painful march, the day:  
 Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows;  
 Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray;  
 Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:  
 Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight.

## XV.

Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage?  
 What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?"  
 (Abrupt says Sloth) "Ill fit thy tender age,  
 Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!  
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay

Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy:  
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.

Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth and plain;

Turn, gentle youth! With me eternal pleasures  
reign."

## XVI.

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine  
(Virtue with scorn replied:) who sleepest in ease

Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline  
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.

Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;  
Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite:

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,  
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:

Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain  
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

## XVII.

The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows;  
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,

To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose  
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed:

For thou art only tir'd with indolence:  
Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,

The imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense  
In dull oblivious interval of thought:

That kindly steals th' inactive hours away

From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out  
the day.



## XVIII.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores  
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:  
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;  
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.  
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove  
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, the immortals' blissful place;  
For ever banish'd from the realms above,  
To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:  
Fitter abode! On earth alike disgrac'd;  
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

## XIX.

Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight  
To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee!  
Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,  
Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.  
Tho' lull'd with ſoſteſt ſounds thou lieſt along;  
Soft muſick, warbling voices, melting lays;  
Ne'er didſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong;  
Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe.  
No—to thy revels let the foot repair:  
To ſuch, go ſmooth thy ſpeech, and ſpread thy  
tempting ſnare.

## XX.

Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!  
A youth, of follies; and old age, of cares;  
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wiſe;  
Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,  
 Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;  
 All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days  
 With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.  
 Griev'd, with the present, of the past, ashamed:  
 They live, and are despis'd: they die, nor more are  
     nam'd.

## XXI.

But with the gods, and god-like men I dwell:  
 Me, his supreme delight, th' almighty Sire  
 Regards well-pleas'd: whatever works excell,  
 All or divine or human, I inspire  
 Council with strength, and industry with art,  
 In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:  
 My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;  
 The surest policy, the wisest guide.  
 With me, true friendship dwells; she deigns to bind  
 Those generous souls alone, whom I before have  
     join'd.

## XXII.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast;  
 Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;  
 Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;  
 Sweet is their sleep: light, chearful, strong, they rise:  
 Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and renown,  
 They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,  
 At length to age all gently sinking down,  
 Look back with transport on a life well-spent:  
 In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away;  
 In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every  
     day.

## XXIII.

And when, the destin'd term at length complete,  
 Their ashes rest in peace; eternal fame  
 Sounds wide their praise; triumphant over fate,  
 In sacred song, for ever lives their name.  
 This, Hercules, is happiness! obey  
 My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth  
 Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way  
 That leads to fame; and raises thee from earth  
 Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,  
 Pursue the glorious path; and claim thy native  
 skies."

## XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart  
 New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught  
 The generous flame: with great intent his heart  
 Burns full; and labours with exalted thought:  
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,  
 Through all her fraudful arts in clearest light  
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld;  
 Unveil'd, she stood confess'd before his sight:  
 False Siren!—All her vaunted charms that shone  
 So fresh erewhile, and fair: now wither'd, pale, and  
 gone.

## XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise  
 Hides her dissembled looks: each borrow'd grace  
 Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes  
 And funk, and passions dim her face.

As when fair Iris has a while display'd  
 Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;  
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,  
 And from our wonder gently steal away:  
 Where thence the beauteous phantom erst so bright,  
 Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the  
 sight.

## XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging, all the while.  
 Disclos'd new charms; more lovely, more serene,  
 Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile  
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.  
 "Lead, goddess, I am thine!" transported cry'd  
 Alcides: "O propitious pow'r, thy way  
 Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:  
 From thee O never, never let me stray!"  
 He said: thus the youth his vows address'd;  
 When all the goddesses fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

## XXVII.

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd  
 His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:  
 Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,  
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.  
 Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd  
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,  
 From fiercest monsters, through her pow'rful aid  
 He freed the earth: thro' her he gain'd the skies.  
 'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;  
 Crown'd with eternal youth; amongst the gods  
 God.



## THE TEMPLE OF CONTENTMENT.

## A V I S I O N.

**A**MONG the various complaints, by which mankind discover, at once, both their imperfections and unhappiness, there are none more common than that they still meet with vexation and disappointment, how cautious soever they may be to prevent them. They seem mighty well inclined to remove all blame from themselves, and are not unwilling sometimes to accuse Providence in the government of the world, which they think might be managed to much better advantage. They would have the order of things inverted, and even the very elements subservient to their pleasure, which, perhaps, is placed only in some vain imagination, or irregular caprice. The truth is, we are very apt to deceive ourselves by pursuing every loose desire and wandering appetite, and while we think we are laying a sure foundation of happiness, for want of sufficient knowledge, we spend our whole labour in vain, and build all our hope upon the uncertain object of fancy. Thus we reject the natural and proper satisfactions of our kind, temperance, faith, honesty, generosity; and embrace luxury, treachery, ambition, covetousness; yet sometimes even in the pursuit of these false images of happiness, our better genius prevails, and we are led by an unseen power to the enjoyment of our truest good, and real happiness.

As I was carried by a course of thinking into these reflections, the moon began to shine into my window, which was open in summer, accompanied with a num-

berless variety of twinkling stars, which diffused their beams all over the firmament. The silent majesty of the night, and the fulness of the moon, together with those innumerable drops of light, which seem to be scattered through the infinite spaces of the skies, in a kind of beautiful confusion, filled my mind with an agreeable admiration of the Deity.

As I contemplated the stillness of the night, and the silence and repose which were diffused over all the wide prospect, I was insensibly seized with a gentle slumber, in which I had the following vision:

I FOUND myself upon an high hill, around which was the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen. The country all about was cultivated in the best manner, and distinguished with gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, and fields of ripe corn scattered up and down in the valleys; and, by the side of hills, were villages with a great many churches and temples of religion: at a distance as far as I could see, was the ocean: upwards from which my eye followed a large navigable river, and upon its banks an imperial city adorned with towns, temples, and lofty palaces.

I HAD immediately a great inclination to go forward to that beautiful city, which seemed to be the queen of many nations. Before me, at the bottom of the hill were three ways, one on the right hand, which led down through rows of gay flourishing lime-trees into a flowery meadow, which seemed to be extended as far as I could see. On the left hand, exactly opposite to the former, was another path, which seemed pretty much used, and yet was horrid, and rough with thorns and briars, which were laid over the way. Rocks and precipices, dark caves and frightful passages, seemed to make a journey that way very uncomfortable. Strait before me was the third road, not so wide as the

two former, nor so much used, which yet seemed to lead directly to the city whither I was desirous to go. As I was very anxious which of the three ways to take, I saw, at a distance, in the strait road, a person of a good appearance, whom I did not yet discover to be man or woman. As I drew nearer, I found she was of the female sex; she walked slowly, and with an even composed pace. Her mien was noble and majestic, her dress neither mean nor pompous: she wore a long white gown flowing down to her feet; it was gathered to her waist with a purple zone, and fastened with a buckle of gold; her habit was healthful, her look serene, with a mixture of gentleness and severity, such as the old poets have described in Minerva. Her arms, one of which was all bare, had neither a delicate softness nor a disagreeable roughness, but were round and strong, and seemed as if they were sometimes exercised in labour. Her hair was gathered behind her head in a knot, and the ends that were not bound flowed loosely down, and just fell on the top of her shoulders; she had the parazonium in her right-hand, and a golden bridle and a pair of compasses of the same metal in her left. I felt myself surprized with an inexpressible pleasure, and that kind of reverence, which is mixt with joy and approbation, at the presence of this amiable lady. I attempted to speak, but was seized with a trembling fear which stopped my tongue, when Virtue, for now I knew her by her dress and awful behaviour, perceiving the condition I was in, gracefully advancing prevented me, and spoke after this manner:

I KNOW, says she, you are going to the Temple of Contentment, though your curiosity leads you to that city which you see before you at a distance. I saw you coming down the hill and made haste to you lest you

should have taken either of the other ways, which would have disappointed you. That way, continued she, pointing to the left-hand, leads to Danger, through gloomy vales and rugged passages; thither the malicious, wrathful, and those who are hurried by violent passions are carried; and that way too Melancholy brings her votaries to the regions of Despair. This way, pointing to the right, Pleasure, with Gaiety, Luxury, and Lasciviousness, leads through smiling groves, and walks strewed with flowers. The beginning is pleasant, but the end destructive. It leads to a large circle, through mazes and labyrinths, and at length comes into those dismal places whither the left hand way goes by a shorter journey. Pleasure herself usually sits at the entrance, and intices the imprudent and unwary by fair promises and alluring speeches; she has a thousand arts of deceit, by which she courts men to their destruction. She is familiar and bold with those whom she thinks she can conquer, but dares not attempt the wise and considerate, among whom I am glad to find you are chusing the middle way to Contentment. Here an authority with which she spoke, and a consciousness of my own imperfections, increased my fear, which gave her occasion to proceed thus: be not surpris'd, said she, nor fear any thing from me; I am the sister of that Religion which came from heaven about two thousand years ago to teach mankind the way thither. It is for her I am here, to shew you the way to happiness, follow me, and though you will meet with some difficulties, be assured you shall overcome them all, and find your journey easy and delightful: "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." By this time I began to recover myself, and take pleasure in the conversation of my amiable companion. And now the birds began to



ling, the sky was clear, and the heat of the sun was secluded by high trees, which over-shaded the walk. As we went along I began to shew some inclination of going towards the right-hand, farther into the grove, when my guide, looking seriously upon me with some concern, bid me beware of going too far that way alone, for it would lead me down to the paths of Pleasure; but if I had a great desire of seeing a little farther into the grove, she would attend me willingly. As she said this she led me down a long walk, at the end of which was a marble statue with two faces, one looking each way; this she told me was Indifference, and here, says she, we must stop. Then, pointing with her hand, she shewed me, at a distance, a rising ground set out in gravel walks and parterres, with fountains between, and rows of trees all around. Soft breezes wafted sweet odours all over the place, and little Cupids flew over the walks, or lay hid among the flowers. In the middle was a young man dressed fantastically with silk and ribbons; his head was crowned with a chaplet of flowers, and he was followed by a company of beautiful nymphs, dancing disorderly to soft airs and wanton musick. They did not continue long, but went off into the walks, which led into the vale of Pleasure. I would fain have followed them, but my guide snatched me by the arm, led me back again; and crossing the middle way, we descended into a close valley surrounded with black woods, at the further end of which was a dark cave, which nature had formed out of the hanging rocks, that seemed to have their tops broken and ready to fall; at the other end of this dismal cavern, where we came again into open air, was a vast lake, whose waters were black and immoveable. And now, methought, the face of nature was changed on a sudden; the hollow winds whistled

among the broken rocks, and instead of that pleasing brightness and sunshine which I observed before, the moon now was seated high in her meridian, and gave an obscure light, which was partly stopped, and partly admitted, through the cloysters of an old ruined monastery. Under the cloysters I saw a woman in the dress and habit of a nun, sitting upon a grave-stone; she had her eyes fixed upon a little stream, which murmured at her feet, and seemed as if she listened to the tolling of a bell, which was heard from a great way off over the long lake. I could not observe that she moved at all, but sat in the same posture all the while we walked by, without taking any notice of us; I was much concerned, and had not my guide reproved me, I think I should have sat down, and staid with her; who, taking me by the hand, led me back again into the same place, in the middle way, from whence we first declined. She saw I was solicitous to know what could be the meaning of such excessive joy in one place, and so much sadness in the other; and after she had given me such marks of favour, as might encourage me to hear her with attention, she thus began:

THAT person, says she, whom we saw first, attended with nymphs, with so much jollity and wanton mirth, was Gaiety; the sorrowful person was Melancholy. They are neither of them, you see, far removed from the way that leads to Contentment.

BUT the former is apt to run too far in the paths of Pleasure, and when once he gets beyond the temple that had this inscription over the entrance, "To the unknown God," he forgets Religion, without which it is impossible ever to arrive at Contentment, and deviates into Atheism.

MELANCHOLY, on the other hand, is full of Superstition, and by the force of a certain gloominess of

temper is sometimes seen to wander farther into the horrors of the wood, towards the mansions of Enthusiasm; and contrary to Atheism (who believes nothing is to be attributed to God and Providence) continually fills her imagination with ghastly spectres, and hideous forms of Deity, and will sometimes torture herself, as if she thought the Supreme Being was delighted with the unhappiness of his creatures. But do you, says she, (looking stedfastly upon me) remember, that though these two different ways seem not much separated from the middle path of Virtue, yet they lead to places very far distant, and both at last end in misery. “ Search  
 “ your own heart diligently, and think often upon these  
 “ things. I see you have that social principle strongly  
 “ impressed upon your mind of being pleased with  
 “ accommodating yourself to the genius and inclina-  
 “ tions of others, and being moved with correspon-  
 “ dent dispositions; but even this, however good in  
 “ itself, and though it be the source of much satisfac-  
 “ tion, must yet be carefully tempered and well-re-  
 “ gulated, lest by increasing your pleasures it confound  
 “ your reason. Have courage therefore (says she, raising  
 “ her voice) and throw away both your having  
 “ too great complaisance in being joined with others  
 “ in their mirth and pleasures, and also all immoderate  
 “ concern for their misfortunes, and take  
 “ care of your own steps, while you follow me up this  
 “ hill.”

WITH these words encouraged, I resolved to follow, though the way seemed very steep and difficult. After a short labour at the beginning, and as soon as I had resigned myself to my guide with a willing resolution to climb up the hill, I perceived myself more easy than before, and trod as it were upon a plain; when lifting up my eyes, I found the mountain was removed. Not

far before us the Temple of Contentment rose upon a row of marble pillars of the Doric order. As we approached the temple I was touched with a secret pleasure and satisfaction, which I had never felt before: (it was greater than you receive from reading the verses of Homer, Virgil or Milton, and more than is perceived in the sublime demonstrations of Newton.) The Temple itself was situate on a rising ground, and every thing about it was filled with the most agreeable delight. The trees were intermixt in the plains without any order, but that in which nature had planted them, while the little birds sung on their branches, and clear rivulets watered their roots. The sun shone with an unusual brightness, and varied the trees with a chearful verdure. There was a square court before the temple, and on each side a walk, which faced the front of a statue of white marble; on the left-hand was Exercise with a bow in her hand, and a quiver full of arrows at her shoulder. On the right-hand was the statue of Contemplation; her looks were erected towards heaven, and in her hand was a large book, and upon the back of it was written in letters of gold, "The Bible." Over the door of the temple was this inscription, "In the first place worship God;" through the vestibule we came into a large round hall; the walls were white and clean, but unadorned. At a convenient distance were placed here also two other statues of white marble, one of Wisdom, the other of Goodnature. A marble arch divided this room from the next, which formed another front to the temple; over the arch was written in golden letters, "Know thyself;" over the door of the front I also read, "Dare stranger to despise riches." As I was standing before this front, which lay open as the other to a large square court, I spied an old man with a great number



of bags under his arm, some were fastened to his girdle, with the weight of which he could scarce walk. His countenance was much distorted with care and anxiety. He came slowly forward, and as he drew near I perceived him to be Covetousness; and as he stood at a small distance from the door he looked up with pain and read the inscription, which he had no sooner done, than I observed his visage was distorted into a thousand horrid forms; and after having carefully counted all his bags, and tied them faster, he went away with great uneasiness. As the old man was going off, he was met by another pale man, and almost naked, except only a few tattered rags which were tied about his waist. His name was Poverty. He cast an envious look upon the old man with his bags, and without coming any nearer to the temple, went back into the gloomy vale of Despair. The next that appeared was a very beautiful lady in a gilt coach with six very fine horses; she was dressed in a rich brocade with diamonds and jewels; she was of mean extraction, but had married a duke for the sake of his title; her name was Pride. She offered herself very gracefully to a venerable old man who stood on that side of the temple to admit strangers. He desired her to dismiss her attendants, and further explained to her the useful inscription written over the arch within the temple. Upon this, casting a scornful smile, she ordered her coachman to drive away. To this succeeded three female companions; they advanced with equal steps, and seemed to have the similitude of sisters. Their gesture was decent and composed, their countenances open and easy, and their whole behaviour graceful and amiable; one of them had a cornucopiæ in her hand, and was called Benevolence; the other two were Temperance and Cheerfulness. They desired admittance with

a peculiar modesty, and a certain air of satisfaction which shewed they could not be refused: accordingly they went into the Temple, and were placed among the few who had been before admitted. Here I felt an unspeakable satisfaction, which arising from the source of my own happiness, and of those who were with me in the Temple, broke forth into the following rhapsody:

HAIL happy fields! Delightful plains! Fit mansions of the good and wise! And you ye sacred groves, all hail! Gladly I now approach your peaceful shades, and tread your blissful walks with secret joy while in deep contemplation, calm and composed, yet with soft raptures filled, in thought serene, I view an unmixed beauty diffused over all your regions, and reflecting on the gladness you inspire, adore the genius of the place. Hail sovereign good! Supreme cause! Sole author and creator of whatever is good and amiable! Thyself all love! who deignest to unveil thyself here in thy works, and with communicated grace makest every thing seem lovely. From thee the clear transparent streams flow down the hills, watering the fruitful plains; the trees from thee receive their various green, smiling with chearful verdure, whilst innumerable birds sing joyous in the branches. The groves resound with harmony! The heavens shed down their purest influence! and vernal airs awakening all the secret powers of nature, unfold the swelling buds, and fill the heart of man and beast with gladness! Great light of heaven! Thou image of original brightness! How gladly I behold thy beams! With what amazing progress dost thou spread invigorating heat and genial life, widely diffused through all thy spacious systems! and, like the all-bounteous mind that formed thee, pourest thy soft light and kindly warmth on all! The just and unjust alike partake thy

beams, yet with different effects; by these thy beauties are unseen, thy charms unfelt, while those exalted by thy all-enlivening rays, ascend to heaven their proper seat, and viewing the eternal spring of light, confess their beams derived from thence, and own with joy thine and their great creator. Hail sovereign good! Supreme cause! with thee my thoughts begin, with thee shall end; for they too are derived from thee, thy workmanship, almighty artist! Thou author and disposer of mankind! Thee they acknowledge and invoke, owning thy power as universal as thy goodness; who through the dark and intricate ways of this frail state leadest us to life immortal! Thy providence is conspicuous in the order of the world, where each thing well proportioned agrees in the same design, conspiring to promote the beauty and perfection of the whole. Thou unconfined to place, givest grace and harmony to all things; this universal frame, this spacious world, thy Temple; in a small part of which beauteous, though small, thou hast placed man, thy inferior priest, to offer up his joyful praise, and moved with gratitude to adore thy goodness; till raised by thy all-forming care, and cherished by thy bounteous favour, he, by degrees, advances in an higher place, still rising nearer to perfection; whilst fitly, with just order and unerring laws, thou distributed to him here the various sorts of pain and pleasure, till chastened and subdued to purer joys, he may, at last, be attracted to thyself, and satisfied with thy perfections, "For in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right-hand are pleasures for evermore."



## F R I E N D S H I P.

## AN ALLEGORY.

**A** Rich merchant had an only son, whom he most tenderly loved; he was educated with the utmost care, and nothing was neglected to render him perfectly accomplished. The education of this youth being nearly finished, he formed a resolution to travel. "My son," said his father to him one day, "Consider, that among all the wants of mankind, that of a friend is most desirable. Prodigality may deprive us of our riches, a reverse of fortune may tumble the most powerful into adversity; but death alone can deprive us of a friend: A friend is an acquisition that no human power can deprive us of: If you can but find one friend in the course of your life, you will find a most valuable treasure. I desire also, my son, that you will visit every part of the world, travelling will furnish you with the only experience; the more we see of mankind, the better we are qualified to live amongst them. The world is a large volume, that will instruct those who know how to read in it. It is a faithful mirror, that presents to our view those objects that will give us instruction. Go, my son, but remember in your voyage to make the acquisition of a true friend. For this you may sacrifice the most valuable articles you possess."

THE young man took leave of his father, and went to visit a country at a small distance from his own; where he continued but a short time, and then returned to his father. "I am amazed, my son," said the



old gentleman, "that you should make so speedy a return."—"You commanded me," replied the son, "to go in search of a friend, and I have found fifty of them, who are models of the most perfect friendship."

"My son," replied the merchant, "do not trifle with a name so sacred: Do you forget what the Persian poet said upon this occasion? Speak not in praise of your friend till you have proved him. It is an extraordinary character, and most of those who pretend to this sacred title, wear only the mask of friendship; they resemble a cloud that is dispersed by the smallest rays of the sun; they behave to those whom they pretend to esteem as a toper would to a flask of wine; so long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, it is embraced with ardour, but as soon as it is empty it is thrown under the table: I am of opinion that the friends, whom you seem to entertain so exalted an opinion of, bear some resemblance to those I have been describing."

"FATHER," replied the young man, "your suspicions are unjust; those whom I look upon as my friends, are such as would assist me in my adversity."

"I HAVE lived seventy years," replied the merchant, "I have experienced good and bad fortune, and in such a long course of years have hardly been able to find a single friend; how happens it that at your age, and in so short a time, you should have found fifty?—Learn of me the knowledge of mankind."

THE merchant then killed a sheep, conveyed it into a bag, and besmeared his son's cloaths with the blood of the animal; thus every thing being in readiness for the design he had formed, he proposed to car-

ry it into execution in the night. He took the bag which contained the body of the sheep, and put it on his son's shoulders, whom he also instructed what to say upon the occasion.

THE young gentleman knocked at the door of one of his fifty friends, who opened it, and demanded the subject of his visit. "It is in misfortune only," replied the son of the merchant, "that we can have an opportunity of proving our friends. I have often told you of the enmity that has subsisted between my family and that of a noble lord. Chance brought us together in a retired place; hatred induced us both to draw our swords; I ran him through the body, and he expired at my feet. Fearing that the officers of justice should pursue me, I have brought his body, which is in the bag on my shoulder, and entreat the favour of you to let me conceal it in your house till the clamour shall a little subside." "My house is so small, replied his friend with an air of chagrin and embarrassment, it will hardly contain the living that inhabit it, and therefore I cannot find room for the dead. Besides, continued he, every one is acquainted with the hatred that subsisted between you and the nobleman whom you have killed, and therefore they will readily conclude that you are the author of his death: And as it is publicly known that we are particular friends, they will naturally come to search my house: It would do you no service for me to plunge myself into your misfortune, and all the good that I can do you is to keep the secret."

THE young man made several trials, but to no purpose; at length despairing of success with this ingrate, he went successively to all the fifty persons from whose friendship he had promised himself every thing he

should ask, and fifty times he received the same kind of treatment.

"You see, my son," said the merchant to him, "how little we can rely upon mankind! What is become of the zeal of those, whose praises you have so pompously dwelt upon? See how they desert you when you have need of their assistance. I will now shew you the difference between one friend that I have found, and the fifty which you have procured." He then went to the door of the person, whom he had mentioned to his son as a model of perfect friendship, and told him the pretended misfortune that had happened to his son. "Oh! thrice happy day," cried the old man, "that furnishes me with an opportunity of shewing my attachment to you; by relying upon me, you make me happy; my house is wholly at your service, and were it at the utmost hazard of my life, I could joyfully do any thing to serve you."

THE merchant, after returning thanks to his friend for these generous offers, told him that all he had been relating to him was a tale, invented only as a lesson for his son, to teach him how to distinguish between a real and a pretended friend.





## ALIBÆUS THE PERSIAN.

CHA-ABBAS, king of Persia, was determined to remove himself a while from his court and to go privately through the country, that he might behold the people in their natural simplicity and liberty. He took only one courtier with him, to whom he said, "I am ignorant of the real manners of men, every thing that approaches me is disguised: it is art, and not nature, that we see in courts: I am therefore resolved to know what a rural life is, to study that kind of men who are so much despised, but who yet seem to be the prop of human society; I am weary of seeing nothing but courtiers, who observe me only to over-reach me with their flatteries; I must go see the labourers and shepherds who do not know me." With this resolution he set out, and passed with his confident through several country villages, where he saw the inhabitants dancing and playing, and enjoying their innocent diversions, and was extremely well pleased to observe such cheap and tranquil pleasures at such a distance from court. Being one day very hungry with a long walk, he put in for dinner at one of these humble cottages; but he then thought their coarse food more agreeable to the palate, than all the exquisite dishes which were served at his own table. As he was crossing a flowery meadow, watered with a small rivulet, he perceived a young shepherd beneath the shade of an elm, playing on a pipe near his feeding flock. Upon enquiry he found his name was Alibæus, whose parents lived in a village hard by. He was beautiful, but not effeminate; lively, but not wild;



unconscious of his own charms; never dreaming, that in any respect, he differed from the shepherds around him, though without education his reason had enlarged itself in a surprising manner. The king, having entered into conversation with him, was charmed with his discourse, for by him he was freely informed of some things concerning the state of the people, which a king cannot learn from the crowd of flatterers that surround him. Sometimes he would smile at the ingenuous simplicity of the youth, who spoke out his mind, without sparing any one in his answers. “ I see plainly, says the monarch, turning to the courtier, that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest, than the highest state of life: never did a prince’s son appear more amiable than this young man who now follows the sheep. Who would not be happy, had they a son so beautiful, so lovely, and so sensible as this youth? I am resolved his mind shall be duly improved by a polite and liberal education.

ACCORDINGLY the king took Alibæus along with him; he was taught to read, write and sing, and instructed in all those arts and sciences that can adorn the mind of man. At first he was dazzled with the splendor of the court, and his sudden change of fortune had some little effect upon his mind and temper. Instead of his crook, his pipe, and shepherd’s weeds, he wore a purple garment embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with precious stones. It was not long till he accomplished himself in such a manner, as to be capable of the most serious affairs, and to obtain his master’s entire confidence; who finding that Alibæus had an exquisite taste for every thing curious and magnificent, gave him at last an office very considerable in Persia, namely, that of keeper of all the jewels and precious furniture belonging to the king.

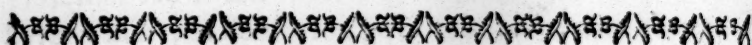
DURING the life of the great Cha-Abbas, Alibæus grew daily more in favour: yet as he advanced in age, he called to mind his former quiet and retired condition, and often regretted the loss of it. "O happy days! would he sometimes cry, innocent days! days in which I tasted the most pure joys, accompanied with no danger; days, than which none can be more pleasant; he who deprived me of you by giving me all my riches, has taken from me all I had: happy, thrice happy they, who never know the miseries of a court!" Miseries, which indeed he himself was in a little time after made sensible of.

CHA-ABBAS his good old master dying, was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi, whom some envious courtiers took care to prejudice against Alibæus. They whispered in his ear, that he had made an ill use of the confidence the late king reposed in him, that he had heaped up immense riches, and embezzled many valuable things intrusted to his keeping. Cha-Sephi was young enough to make him too credulous, and had vanity enough to imagine he could reform several of his father's actions.

FOR a pretence of turning him out of place, by the advice of his envious courtiers, he ordered Alibæus to bring him a scymitar set with diamonds, which the old king was wont to wear in battle. Cha-Abbas had formerly ordered the diamonds to be taken out, and Alibæus proved it was done by the king's order, before he was in possession of the office. When his enemies found that would not do, they persuaded Cha Sephi to command Alibæus to give an exact inventory, within a fortnight's time, of all that he had under his care. At the fortnight's end the king desired to see every thing himself. Alibæus opened every door and chest, and shewed him all that was under his care. Every

thing was clean, and carefully ranged in its proper place, and nothing was wanting. The king, surprised to see so much exactness and order every where, was almost reconciled to Alibæus; when, at the end of a great gallery, filled with precious furniture, he saw an iron door, on which there were three great locks. His courtiers suggested to him, that within that door was hid all the valuable treasure he had robbed his father of. The king, in a great passion, commanded the door to be opened immediately. Alibæus threw himself at his feet, conjuring him by the immortal Gods not to take from him all he had valuable upon earth. "It is not just, says he, that in a moment's time, I should lose all I possess, after having faithfully served the king your father so long; take every thing else from me, only leave me what is here." This only increased the king's suspicions, and caused him to redouble his threats, till at last Alibæus obeyed. Having the keys at hand, he unlocked it himself: but how surprised were all present, when they saw nothing but the crook, the pipe, and the shepherd's cloaths which he had formerly used, and which he often visited, lest he should forget his former condition! "Behold, great king, said he, the precious remains of my former happiness, which neither fortune nor your power can take from me. Behold the treasure which will enrich me, after all your endeavours to make me poor. These are solid riches, which shall never fail me! riches which will keep those innocent and happy, who can be contented with simple necessities, and never trouble themselves about superfluous things. O you dear implements of a plain, but blessed life! you only I love, and with you am resolved to live and die. Yes, great king, I freely return you every thing, and will preserve only what

“ I possess, when the king your father, by his liberali-  
 “ ty, brought me to court.” The king, a little reco-  
 vered from his surprise, was persuaded of Alibæus’s in-  
 nocence, and enraged against the courtiers, who had  
 endeavoured to deceive him, he banished them from  
 his presence. Alibæus became his chief minister, and  
 was intrusted with the most secret and most important  
 affairs; but every day he visited his pipe, his crook,  
 and his weeds, lest the inconstancy of fortune should  
 rob him of his master’s favour. He died in a good old  
 age, without allowing any of his enemies to be punish-  
 ed, or heaping up any riches; having left his relati-  
 ons just enough to support them in the condition of  
 shepherds, which of all others he thought the safest and  
 happiest.



#### H E A V E N. A V I S I O N.

**F**ULL many a tedious hour with care oppress,  
 Stretch’d on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,  
 Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,  
 And brush’d the dews of balmy sleep away.  
 Ah! what avails, I cry’d, with painful toil,  
 By Virtue’s stedfast star the bark to guide,  
 Far from Acrasia’s wily-wandering isle,  
 Where ease and pleasure the frail heart divide;  
 If Life’s short voyage undistinguish’d tends  
 To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow’s baleful shade?  
 And no reward shall suffering Goodness find,  
 While Vice triumphant lifts her pamper’d head,  
 Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—



Then take me, Power of Beauty, to thy arms,  
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!  
 Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,  
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!  
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dulness sail,  
 Be mine the calmest sea, and Pleasure's briskest gale.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing Morn,  
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies:  
 When pitying Morpheus shook his opiate horn,  
 And slumbroushumours drown'd my weary'd eyes:  
 Yet Fancy still awake, to sooth my pain,  
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd;  
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,  
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd.  
 Oh sail me not, thou fair enchanting Power,  
 At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful  
 hour!

Born through the yielding air, methought I flew  
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far  
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,  
 Like the faint glimmering of a distant star.  
 Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,  
 As gems in silver; hoary Ocean smil'd,  
 Chear'd with the pleasing sight; and from his breast  
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild:  
 No clouds nor darkness veil'd the chearful scene,  
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

Lo to the West a large and spacious plain,  
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;  
 Brighter than all that muse-led poets feign  
 Of Ida's grove, and Tempe's hallow'd vale:

Though Peneus there revolves his amber fiream,  
 And suppliant Daphne spreads her branching arms:  
 Still trembling lest the sun's prolific beam,  
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms:  
 Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,  
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade!

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,  
 From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings;  
 Where percht on every bough, all richly dight  
 With painted plumes, some harmless firen sings:  
 Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,  
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys;  
 While trickling soft, each varying pause between,  
 The murmuring rivulets roll their silver base;  
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,  
 And amorous Echo blends the liquid melody.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense:  
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear;  
 The weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,  
 Whose fragrance fresh imbalsms the buxom air;  
 Thousands of flowers their silken webs unfold,  
 Amaranths, immortal amaranths arise,  
 These beaming bright with vegetable gold,  
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes:  
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,  
 While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!  
 "Behold, O man, fair Virtue's ample meed;  
 "Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,  
 "By righteous Jove her portion are decreed!  
 "Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,  
 "But strive these rapturous mansions to attain;

" Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,  
" Eternal ages free from care and pain;  
" Here in Elysian seats, their calm abodes,  
Live in communion, blest with heroes and with gods!"

Eastward to this methought a different scene  
Of equal beauty charm'd my raptur'd sight:  
Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,  
And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.  
There lotes and palms their copious branches twine,  
And over-arching form delicious bowers;  
There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,  
And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores;  
Fresh bleeding myrrh and cassia shed perfume,  
Nanas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

Fast by a fount, whose spicy waters glide  
In amorous mazes on the velvet ground,  
With blushing flowers all goodly beautify'd,  
A smiling troop of virgins dance around;  
Fairer than Delia's silver-buskin'd train,  
When erst Ladona, by thy lillied banks,  
Or cool Eurota's laurel-fringed plain,  
To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;  
And fairer, Cypris, than thy wanton quire,  
That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

Their eyes like pearls within their shells conceal'd,  
Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;  
On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,  
What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie!  
See, see they point to yon embowering shade,  
Where cool gales fan their odoriferous wings,  
And Flora's freshest, softest couch is spread;  
The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings!

Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew  
To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew

- " Haste, gentle youth, for lo the way is plain!  
 " Haste, gentle youth, and hear the Prophet's call!  
 " These are the joys that true believers gain,  
 " Immortal joys that never know to pall.  
 " Come then, ah come thy weary'd limbs recline  
 " On silken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,  
 " Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,  
 " All faint, and labouring with the luscious load  
 " Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal,  
 " And with their amorous spoils thy greedy eyes re-  
 gale!"

She ceas'd——and molten with excess of joy,  
 Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast:  
 When lo! swift-darting from th' extreamest sky,  
 With seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest!  
 A pure immortal crown adorn'd her head,  
 Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand,  
 The book of life and mercy was display'd,  
 With ruddy drops of dying martyrs stain'd;  
 Her eagle eyes were quick, and passing bright,  
 Yet beam'd serene, and mild, with heaven's celest  
 light.

- " And O fond foolish man," she cry'd, " forbear  
 " Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain!  
 " What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,  
 " The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain?  
 " Yet ev'n in these, as darkly through a glass,  
 " Some faint, some glimmering view the eye may  
 gain  
 " Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass  
 " Whate'er of bliss the wit of man can feign



" Those pure delights, that flow in streams divine,  
" Where thy imperial towers, O heavenly Salem, shine!

" For know, my son, that they whose worth is try'd,  
" As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,  
" Soon as the carnal fetters are unty'd,  
" That chain the soul, and strip these mortal weeds;  
" Haply shall soar, in robes of glory clad,  
" To heavenly mansions, bright abodes, prepar'd  
" Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,  
" Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear'd;  
" Ere God his golden compasses employ'd,  
And markt this beauteous world on chaos dark, and  
void.

" There shall they live, O happy happy spirits!  
" There shall they live remov'd from all the cares,  
" And thousand ills that flesh inherits:  
" No greedy Want, nor wayward Lust that tears  
" With viperous rage the breast from whence it  
sprung,  
" Their deep-embofom'd peace shall e'er torment;  
" But hymning sweet, the angel troops among,  
" Their undisturbed lays of pure content,  
" The smiling hours immortal shall employ  
In trance of holy ease, or extacy of joy.

" Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,  
" With lightning-glance unmeasur'd space behold;  
" And all the thousand stars, that pave the floor  
" Of heaven, with orient pearl, or living gold;  
" Then floating thro' the boundless deep of air,  
" An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,

" Myriads of worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,  
 " With all their bright inhabitants to view:  
 " Their active minds shall traverse quick as thought,  
 " Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt God and  
 nought.

" And oh what streams of music sweet and clear,  
 " Shalldrown in deep delight their raptur'd souls!  
 " Ay me, in vain to man's unpurged ear  
 " Their heavenly notes each tuneful planet rolls!  
 " Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,  
 " Through every land they hymn their Maker's  
 praise,  
 " While choirs of young-ey'd cherubims rejoice,  
 " And to their golden harps mellifluous lays  
 " Attuning, holy, holy, holy, sing,  
 " O Lord, Almighty God, the saints' eternal king!

" But not in vain the tuneful planets raise  
 " To pure ethereal souls their voice divine;  
 " Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praise  
 " Do gladsome choirs of young-ey'd cherubs join  
 " No blessed spirit but hears the sacred song,  
 " And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear  
 " In the sweet symphony; while all the throng  
 " Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear  
 " Of God delighted listens to the strains.——  
 " In heaven, and heaven-born minds such rapturous  
 " concord reigns!

" But where, ah where can glowing tints be found  
 " To paint the charms of Sion's sacred place,  
 " Where Christ the lamb in radiance sits enthron'd  
 " The lively image of his Father's grace?

" O flower of love! O glorious morning star!

" O sun of righteousness, whose healing wings

" Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!

" From thee the light, thou beaming fountain,

" Springs,

" That guides poor mortals in their weary way,

" Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleasure's endless

" day!

" Jesus!—and didst thou leave thy bowers of joy?

" And didst thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,

" Content with agonizing pangs to die

" For man's forlorn, rebellious, sinful race?

" What bliss to hear the high mysterious story;

" By all the prophets, all th' apostles sung,

" And noble army of martyrs, crown'd with glory;

" Where blest, the six-wing'd seraphims among,

" They drink immortal, from thy rapturous sight,

" Conceivable draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

" Hail faints of light! who once the patient train

" Of silent Sorrow, thro' the thorny road

" Of Misery toil'd, and unappall'd by pain,

" With pilgrim feet the long, long journey trod!

" O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain

" With firm unweary'd arm the dangerous fight!

" The prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,

" Victorious palms, and robes of spotless white;

" So in the book of life thy name shall shine,

" And heaven's eternal joys and transports all be thine."

Scarce had she spoke, when that cherubic car,

Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,

That whirl'd the holy sage from Chebar far,

Appear'd:—my breast the rushing impulse feels!

I see, I see thy glittering turrets rise,  
 Celestial Salem, all of lucid gold,  
 Inlaid with gems of thousand thousand dyes!  
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold  
 Their doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight  
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light!

Of light surpassing far thy glimmering ray,  
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more  
 divine)

Tho' drest by thee, O golden eye of day,  
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;  
 Tho' yon fair moon to thee her lustre owes,  
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;  
 And Iris steals from thee each tint that glows  
 In the gay forehead of the showery bow:  
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!  
 Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

See thro' the streets, like liquid jasper clear,  
 The fount of life in mazy error flows!  
 Thro' the bright chrystal sands of gold appear,  
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows  
 On either bank of dainty flowers profuse,  
 'The tree of life superior o'er the rest,  
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:  
 'Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,  
 From every leaf salubrious dews exhale,  
 And pure elixirs breathe in every balmy gale.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,  
 Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,  
 Conceive their God, and from his presence drink  
 Beatitude past utterance!—There they lie

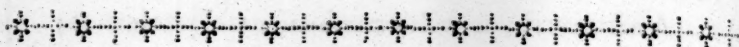


On flowering beds of balsam, cassia, nard,  
And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes;  
Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,  
'Midst odorous shrubs, and incense-breathing  
gums,

Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,  
While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

But spare, O spare me, heaven!—My fainting soul  
Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!  
Come, o'er my limbs thy quickening waters roll,  
Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense!  
And thou, fair tree, the source of all our woes,  
(That bloom'd so fatal erst in Eden's glade,  
Transplanted since to heaven) thy friendly boughs  
Extend, and wrap me in the brownest shade!  
O veil me from the Lamb's too glorious sight,  
From majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright!

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,  
And on the wings of sleep, more swift than wind,  
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;  
Yet leave their fairy-steps the trace behind:  
Hear then, ye fainted myriads, from your spheres,  
And gently beam your kindest influence down;  
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,  
To joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious crown!  
O guide my virgin-soul the high abode,  
To reach the heaven of heavens, where reigns th' e-  
ternal God!



## A VISION.

**M**ETHOUGHT I was conveyed into a large plain, amongst such multitudes of men and women, that I could have no other idea, than that all mankind were assembled together.

At the end of this plain, at a little distance from each other, were four prodigious large high gates, with a ticket on each in full view. On the first was written, "The way to wealth;" on the second, "The way to power;" on the third, "The way to pleasure;" and on the fourth, "The way to virtue." All the company were employing themselves, in reading these tickets; but I observed at the very top of the gates, other words were written in such small characters, that they were difficult to be distinguished: On the first, "To avarice;" on the second, "To ambition;" on the third, "To disappointment;" and on the fourth, "To pride:" but these inscriptions were overlooked by almost every person there.

I was almost deafened with the confused din of the multitude, every one arguing strenuously, at which gate it was best to enter: although their arguments might have been spared: for their choice had been visibly fixed before by inclination; each having taken by the hand the guide, who sat before that gate which he, or she, from the first intended to enter.

CURIOSITY led me to wish, I could follow every company; but, as that was impossible to do at once, I resolved to follow first, the guide to Avarice; a monster too deformed to be described: but in patches up and down, on the wretch's tattered rags was inscribed,

"I lead to wealth." These words, like a kind of charm, blinded the eyes of all our company, and in them, the shocking ugliness of our guide, whose name, I afterwards found, was Labour, was quite lost.

WHEN the gate was thrown open, we had the greatest difficulty imaginable, to advance the first step: they call it but one step, although it is a hill so steep and craggy, that nothing but immense pains could surmount it; and the difficulty was still increased by those, who first arrived at the summit of the hill; for it was their constant custom to face about, and throw stones at their fellow-travellers, in order to keep them down; nay, often to keep down those very persons, by whose assistance they had themselves got up. Indeed I observed, that, when any set of people held together, and helped each other, it made the way very easy to them all: But the general method was, to keep others down, though at the expence of deferring their own rise.

WHILST there was such toiling and sweating to ascend the hill, I perceived a little by-path, unseen by any but myself, in which I walked up very easily. I asked the guide the meaning of this; when, looking at me very earnestly, he told me, that he saw I was but a spectator, and came with them only from curiosity, and not from any inclination to wealth; therefore his tickets could not blind my eyes, but I must have liberty to explore all their paths, and see things as they really were.

THE manner of marching of the whole company was very particular; for, as the path was narrow, they could not go many a-breast, but extended a great length; and, instead of walking on as fast as they could, every third step they kicked one foot backward, to keep any other from coming near them; nor did a-

ny tie of nature or obligation prevent their acting in this manner: Fathers kicked against sons, and brothers against brothers; and whoever went one step out of the path, scarcely ever found his way back again into it.

SEVERAL pleasant walks and seats were to be seen at a small distance, which now and then allured some of our company from us, quite worn out with the long march, and not able to sustain the fatigue any longer. This happened very seldom, notwithstanding, except myself, they were all barefoot, and the ground was so stoney, and so strowed with thorns and briars, that every step must give pain unutterable: however, the longer they journeyed, the easier became the way. At last the guide cried out; "We are now come very near the palace of Wealth, for behold many of its inhabitants." There were some few men who looked rather half starved, than like the inhabitants of the palace of Wealth, who came bowing and scraping to our company. The respect paid them by these poor half-starved wretches, made them already forget the pain of their journey; and in these submissions they fancied they read their own great riches: and indeed these men paid their respects according to the person's near approach to the palace, and greatly lessened them to those who were far behind.

I BEGAN to be impatient, and asked my guide, how long it would be, before we should arrive: he laughed, and answered; "The whole company but yourself think we are already arrived, for behold the palace there before you; I give it the specious name of the palace of Wealth, to allure my followers, and they are so blinded, that to them it looks like a palace; but your eyes being open, you see plainly it is the den of Avarice."



By this time we were arrived at the gate, (which was one great piece of iron) that gave entrance to this hideous place: The way to open it, was hid to all but to our guide Labour, who had a key that unlocked it presently. The multitude crouded in with such haste and impetuosity, to be foremost, that many were trod to death in the passage. The inside of this imaginary palace, and real den, was frightful to behold; Horror, Affright, and Anxiety met us at the door; and, taking our guide by the hand, said, they would lead us where we should meet our reward. Many of us found great difficulty to follow; for the roof was so low, that we were obliged to go almost double; at last we came to a little room so barricaded with iron, that it looked like a prison. Here sat Avarice herself, but her deformity was so very great, she did not care to appear to the eyes, even of her followers, but hid herself behind a large statue made of massy gold. Care sat on a little cushion made of nettles: on the one hand of her were heaps of bags of gold, and on the other, numbers of little arrows so sharp at the point, that their least touch gave excessive pain. Of these she had always a supply from her own bosom, so that they could never be exhausted.

ALL who had patiently born the fatigue of the journey, and could produce a certificate under the lady Pleasure's own hand, that she never in her life granted them any the least favour, were to be rewarded in this manner: Care, by the command of Avarice, was to heap on their backs bags of money, till they could support no more; and, notwithstanding to every bag she fastened one of her arrows in such a manner, that it must pierce the person, on whom the bag was laid, yet she was very seldom bid to leave off. Some few indeed did go out of this den, with as many bags as

they could carry; but I was told, they were not the true votaries to *Avarice*, only came that way (although it was round about) in their road to the courts of *Ambition*, *Pleasure*, or *Pride*; to all which the shewing these bags was a very good passport; but all the rest bore the sharp pains caused by the arrows, and the burthen of the gold, till nature, at length worn out, sunk under the load, and death alone relieved them from that misery, which (poor deceived wretches) they called their reward.

IMMEDIATELY on any one's departure out of this life, the next heir appeared, and carried off as much of the money as he possibly could, setting out with full speed to *Pleasure's* court, where he must pay half his wealth for his admittance, and might soon meet with opportunities of squandering away the other part.

AFTER I had seen several instances of the same kind, I grew tired with the reflection on the painful reward these poor wretches met with, for thus patiently wading through all the dirt, and bearing the torture of all the thorns they found in their way to this dismal place; and making what haste I could out of it, I hurried back to the gates, where I presently mixed with a large train, who were then just setting out for *Ambition's* court.

THE guide to this was called *Fallacy*, and, at first sight, appeared both in height and bulk, like a giant or giants; for the odd mixture of its dress made it utterly undistinguishable, whether it was male or female; but when curiosity had led me near it, and I wanted to know from its own mouth whither, and to what sort of palace it was going to guide us, it shrunk into a shadow, and to my sight the apparent shadow vanished. But still it had the same power of speech,

although in a very weak voice; and told me, my desire of knowing the real truth, had given me power to see things as they were; but to all the rest of the company it appeared as it had at first sight to me; for that their great desire of finding it to be real substance, had such an effect on their sight, as made them believe it was so: "But, (continued this Apparition) I am not obliged to tell more of myself than you can find out; therefore I will not answer another question; but, whenever you speak, lest you should corrupt my followers, I will order all the drums, kettle-drums, and trumpets to strike up, and try if noise cannot drown your voice."

THIS road was much pleasanter than that which led to Avarice, and we should have gone a great deal faster, but that the whole procession went side-ways, each individual fixing one eye on the guide, lest he should lose his way; and the other, on the person next behind him, at the same time holding a sword at arm's length, that his next neighbour might not come near him. I observed in the face of each person a visible discontent, at not being able to put by his sword. Here and there indeed, a person of very remarkable activity leaped over the sword, and the bearer of it: When this happened, the person so jumped over, set up a huzza, which was echoed by all behind him, till they were all hoarse, and had no voice left. These outcries served to no manner of purpose; for the envied man would not come back again, but triumphed in the thought that he was got foremost.

IN this manner we marched till we came to the palace. The gates flew open at the touch of our guide; and I found no welcome was thought too great for this unsubstantial being; this creature's presence being necessary to keep the court of Ambition from falling into

the utmost stupidity. The moment it came near the throne, it made a long speech, to prove that happiness was only to be met with in that court. That Alexander the Great was a very great man; and if he had lived till that time, might possibly, if no accident had intervened, been master of the world. That Julius Cæsar might have been long emperor of the Romans, if he had not been murdered, &c. &c. &c. Then the wretch ran out into a tedious descant on the horror of murder, except when done to serve the Great Princess's Ambition; but said, that design indeed made it laudable. The speech ended, applauses resounded through the palace; and every one fancied that he resembled some of the heroes therein mentioned. Ambition sat on her throne, which every art had conspired to adorn, cloathed in robes made so heavy with lace and jewels, that they seemed sufficient to weigh her down; but when she rose and spoke, she made a noise not unlike the blustering of the northern winds, or the roaring of the foaming sea. Her arms were stretched beyond their natural length, by continual endeavours to reach at the clouds; and her eye-strings were almost cracked, by being turned for ever upwards. Sometimes the vast crouds of her attendants, and the various ceremonies she submitted to, in being always in public, almost tired Ambition herself, and gave her a moment's time for reflection. But whenever that happened, a young man clad in robes of gold advanced, and presented her a schedule, which contained these words:

"My great and dread queen, sole sovereign of innumerable subjects, commander of armies, director of sciences; may your slave presume to remind you, that the property of this palace, which is the admiration of the gazing multitude, and the imitation of



“the greatest artists in painting, sculpture, architecture, &c. &c. is yours, and yours alone.”

AMBITION, at these words, smiled applause, and thought the fatigue of ceremonies, with all the farce and pomp of show, too small a tax to pay for such great and immense advantages. Her followers who had travelled long enough to reach the palace, were thus rewarded. Fallacy blew a trumpet; drums, kettle-drums, all sorts of the loudest martial music immediately strike up. A phantom, called Fame, got up to the very roof of the palace, and there fastened a ladder of ropes, as it appeared to me, (but to the rest a broad stair-case, every step being, in their eyes, covered with velvet, and adorned with diamonds) which was let down to the ground, and Ambition's followers all eagerly pushed forwards to climb it. At the first step there was such a confusion and bustling, as made it difficult to ascend: But the happy person who gained that, marched onward, whilst the rest followed him one by one, still disputing the first pass. It was remarkable, that every one caught hold of one of the legs of the person that was next before him, and endeavoured with all his force to throw him off the ladder. This sometimes succeeded; and sometimes in the violent tug to pull another down, a man so shook himself, that unable to recover and poize himself again, he was forced to accompany the person so pulled down in his fall. To me they all seemed to labour and sweat every step; but I was told, that fixing their eyes on the phantom on the top, they forgot, or rather were insensible of their pain. On the right-hand of Fame sat Self-Conceit, who was not seen to go up, but was born on wings, and privately seated there, before any of the company saw her. She held in her hand a looking-glass, which had the power of magnifying to such a degree, that all

who got high enough to look into it, thought themselves ten times as big as they were before. When the ladder was full, as it was of a prodigious length, (even from the bottom to the top of Ambition's palace) it really was a very odd picture to see such numbers of people, (for the greatest part of mankind appeared to be there) hanging on one another's legs. The happy man who got first, as soon as he could reach Fame, and see himself in the glass of Self-Conceit, for a few moments sat down contented, contemplating his own greatness. But whoever was next, being enraged at the distance which all were obliged to keep from him who had once gained the summit of the ladder, called Envy from his bosom, and sent her secretly to fasten a string to the robes of this supposed happy person, whom he stigmatized by every vile appellation imaginable. Envy, as soon as she had done what she was commanded, ran down the ladder, letting out the string at each step, and made each man forego his present hold, and take this string in his hand. As soon as she was at the bottom, the whole company at once gave such a tug, as staggered the man looking in the glass in his feat. It is true, they had several pulls, before they could get him down; but from the time he felt himself thus tottering, fear and anxiety possessed him, and all his happiness was gone. Besides, by endeavouring to keep his eyes fixed on the glass whilst he was so often shaken, his head turned quite giddy, and he was disabled from taking the proper methods for his own preservation. At last, by one violent effort, he was thrown from this much sought-for seat to the very bottom, where a gulph presently opened, and swallowed him; and as his place was immediately supplied, he left no more traces of him be-

hind, than an eagle does in the air through which she has flown.

It was very odd to me, that no man, when he came near this seat, reflected on the fate of those who went before him; but thought his own strength would infallibly secure him from falling. When I had observed many instances of the same kind, I concluded, that if I was to stay there for ages I should see no alteration in the management of Ambition's palace; and therefore made the best of my way back again, and mixed with those who were hastening to the court of Pleasure.

THIS road was so very broad, that we had two guides, lest any of the company should miss their way. One was in the shape of a young woman, curled, adorned, and painted in such a manner, that she appeared exceeding handsome. She walked all the way backward; for behind she was as deformed as her face was beautiful. Her name was Illusion. The other was a little boy like Cupid, only he was not blind; and instead of a bow and arrows, carried a shield, on which was inscribed the names of every pleasure pursued by mankind. This he had an art of turning so, as to shew to each passenger the name of his favourite pleasure. He was called Hope. We travelled very fast. In the way was a well-built convenient castle, pleasantly situated, and on the door was written, "Here is amusement for whoever thinks proper to come in."

WE were met at our first entrance by a middle-aged woman, who informed us her name was Ease. Her behaviour was composed and chearful, and her dress decent and becoming, without the least appearance of ostentation. She shewed us the whole castle; and in every room was a set of company, employing themselves as best suited their taste and fancy. For my part,

I had a great mind to stay here; for the whole train was invited so to do, (and indeed I thought they would have done wisely in accepting the invitation. But this was not the design of our two guides, Illusion and Hope, who entered into consultation to prevent the number of their followers being lessened. To every man who had a mind to lead a married life, Ease offered an agreeable modest wife, and to each woman who chose to enter into that state, an honest good husband.

THEN came Hope, and turned his shield to the gentlemen, where was inscribed a woman all perfection. And to the ladies appeared this charming sentence, "A husband so violently in love, that he shall transform you into a goddess." To those who chose a single life, Ease offered "a good collection of books, agreeable companions, and tranquillity;" but Hope immediately shewed them public diversion, and an eternal round of giddy pleasures, to keep the animal spirits in a perpetual flutter. Those whose delight was placed chiefly in conversation, Ease shewed into a room, where they might meet with men of parts to converse with, almost whenever they pleased, in moderate hours. This was overcome by the appearance on the shield of "Mirth at midnight." It would be endless to enumerate the particulars of this whole struggle, it is sufficient that our guides got the better; and our company was greatly increased, instead of being diminished. For when we left the castle, many who lived with Ease, and had been contented with amusements a great while, were glad of an opportunity of following Hope, and his comrade Illusion.

AT the entrance of the palace, one of our guides, namely Hope, left us; and in his stead Certainty with a smiling countenance led us into a spacious hall,



where the whole company appeared to be in raptures, every married woman found an adorer in her husband; and every married man thought his wife all perfection, continually whispering in her ears, "You are a goddess." Some of the unmarried were led by Illusion into such various diversions, that they had no time to be troubled with thinking one moment. Others were conversing with the very companions they chose, and happiness was displayed in their countenances. In short, nothing but the face of joy was to be seen.

I BEGAN to think, this indeed was the right road to take; when on a sudden I looked up, and beheld at one corner of the room Pleasure herself pouring some liquid of her own composing into a great bowl; which I fancied would be a great while a filling; but to my amazement, in a very small space of time, it was full to the top; and the moment a drop ran over, the whole scene was changed, and yawnings were the only sound to be heard. She was invisible to all the company but myself; for they were too much taken up by their own enjoyments, to mind what she was about; otherwise they would have stopped her hand, before she overfilled the bowl. Now as soon as the yawning was heard, Illusion opened a door into another apartment, to rouse her followers from this stupidity. Here was the oddest medley of confusion imaginable. The new-made goddesses fell into such freaks and vagaries, that they all appeared to be mad. One moment they gave their worshippers laws, the next recalled them; then were angry they were not obeyed; then frowned, and bewailed their misfortunes; that others could not find out what they had a mind to have, though they were ignorant of it themselves.

THEIR adorers, otherwise called husbands, restless to please them, yet finding it impossible, alternately

grew outrageous, and fell into the most abject submissions; then succeeded jealousies, quarrels, with the whole train of domestic ills.

THOSE who in the next room were engaged in cheerful conversation, mistook here roaring noise for mirth, and clamorous arguments for reason and philosophy. And instead of conversing with one another to receive either instruction or pleasure, the end of their meeting seemed to be nothing more or less, than to displease, confound, and stun one another.

HERE every thing which we call diversion was lost; for those who before seemed pleased and satisfied with what they enjoyed, now so eagerly grasped at so many kinds of pleasure, that they turned themselves giddy with the variety, and rendered themselves incapable of the enjoyment of any.

HERE the natural appetite to be supplied with necessary food was perverted into gluttony and luxury, which brought their constant attendants satiety and diseases.

HERE drunkenness prevailed; bringing, in the bloom of youth, trembling nerves, and shaking limbs. In short, the whole scene was full of misery, occasioned by Pleasure's excessive liberality, in overfilling the bowl, that I believe the whole company would have been heartily glad, if she had never begun to fill it.

AT the very roof of this room, across a beam, sat perched a little ugly monster called Disappointment. From its nasty claws descended numberless wires, and at the end of each was fastened a hook, which the monster could command, so as to hitch it in the bosom of whomever he pleased. When by this means he had, one by one, got into his clutches the whole company, he discovered himself by a scornful laugh; and tugged

at once his wires, to make the hook more tormenting to their bosoms.

EVERY one saw him, and Pain made every one sensible of his detested presence. Struck with horror at the sight, I could not help inquiring how long these miserable wretches were to suffer thus. When Illusion (who was now at leisure, having given up her charge to the real deity of the place, called Disappointment) informed me they might be all free, whenever they would consent to be touched by a wand, which would immediately make them see the impossibility of staying in the great hall, where Pleasure presides. But, continued she, "Many will sooner bear this miserable situation for a great while, than consent to such terms: And sometimes, after they have consented to this condition, and have been freed from this dreadful punishment, they return here again with the first opportunity: But then we dismiss them on their request. For we are very sure that people so blinded will never escape our clutches for any long time; and then the punishment is doubled, by reflection on their own folly." I was so uneasy at this dismal spectacle, that I fled from it, and was resolved to indulge my curiosity to the full, and go next to the palace of Pride.

THE name of the guide to this splendid palace was Virtue. She was in appearance so tall, that her head seemed to reach the clouds; whilst the foldings, and length of her robe, hid her feet from view. Her arms were numberless, and even to me, at first sight, appeared of bulk and strength equal to the task of supporting her followers. The moment she found I was only a passenger, and not one of her goddess's true votaries, she lost the power of deceiving me, and shrunk in my view into a dwarf; her head tottered with its

own weight, her arms dwindled into shadows; and I could plainly read in small letters on her breast, "My name is Deception;" whilst to all her real followers, the first appearance still continued, and they rode on these shadows with as much ease as if they had been flying through the air. This guide did not suffer those of her train to walk, but carried them in her arms, caressing and embracing them all the way. Through many a labyrinth she went, through many a dirty path she laboured. She had not always the power of keeping those she attempted to support, from touching the ground; but as by her endearments she had the art of making them lose all uneasy sensations, she seemed well satisfied in the consciousness of her deceiving others; and therefore thought no pain too much, for thus gratifying the only bent of her nature. The palace itself was not so magnificent as I expected; it was indeed greatly ornamented; but the structure did not equal what my imagination had formed; and I was told Pride had many other ways of gratifying her votaries, besides that of sumptuous palaces and magnificent appearances. The gates flew open at our guide's first touch; and we were led through a great number of apartments, till we arrived at that where the goddess sat in state, and received the homage of all her followers.

At first sight I was confounded with the multitude of objects which presented themselves to my view; but my guide, who to me only was obliged to speak truth, informed me, that the goddess's father, and her own offspring, numerous as this assembly did appear, made up the whole of it: and then by force (for it was torture to her to let any person into the mysteries of the place) she went on in the following manner:

"OUR great mistress's ever-venerable aged fire



“ called Folly, who is above five thousand years old,  
“ brought forth his daughter from his head; and tho’  
“ he was then but an infant, yet she was born mature  
“ in strength, and all the bloom of youth: And we  
“ have a prophecy amongst us, that so she shall remain  
“ whilst this world lasts. But her case is very pecu-  
“ liar, in that no time can come, when her father will  
“ be released from his care: for the moment he ceases  
“ to support her head with his mighty arm, all her dig-  
“ nity (I shudder at the thought) must vanish, and the  
“ goddess herself sink into nothing. All her progeny  
“ you, who come only as a spectator, see plainly are  
“ fastened to her girdle with cords as big as cable-  
“ ropes; but to those who come here as worshippers  
“ of the goddess, the ropes are invisible, and the con-  
“ nection between the mother and her children is not  
“ seen; so that, blinded by my assistance, they view  
“ every thing according to their own fancy.

“ If you observe, your fellow-travellers are divided  
“ into several classes; this is done, that we may di-  
“ stinguish which of great Pride’s children they like  
“ most, and to whom they chuse to pay their court.  
“ There you see on the goddess’s right-hand sits Inso-  
“ lence, with her neck almost broke by continual en-  
“ deavours to lift her head to the clouds, and her face  
“ distorted with contemptuous never-ceasing sneers,  
“ looking on every thing around her as objects of her  
“ scorn. But you may see Pride holding in her hand  
“ her favourite daughter Envy, who of all her children  
“ has been the most fruitful. For from an incestuous  
“ amour with her grandfather Folly, she gave birth to  
“ Malignity, Spiteful Criticism, False Ridicule, and  
“ all that numerous race of beings, whose whole de-  
“ light is in pulling others down. From her own skin-  
“ ny breast, where is a continual source of venom, do

"all her offspring take their nourishment; and not  
 "withstanding they delight to bite their mother, yet  
 "such is her fondness for them, that she never throws  
 "them from her arms; but continues to embrace and  
 "feed them, without any intermission; seeming pleas-  
 "ed with the pain they give her. These again en-  
 "gender by the venom they suck from their mother,  
 "and multiply daily. The monstrous productions  
 "they bring forth are difficult to describe. They  
 "seldom come to maturity, and are often so heavy and  
 "unanimated, that one can hardly say they live at all.  
 "Their skin is as hard as leather, and their limbs dis-  
 "torted into various folds and sizes, which are called  
 "Folio's, Quarto's, or Duodecimo's, according to their  
 "bigness.

"THEY are spread all over with black spots, in col-  
 "our not unlike ink. These little ugly monsters,  
 "from the time they are born, do nothing but quar-  
 "rel and fight, which has the most beauty; and their  
 "claims are supported by their respective parents, who  
 "take great care of them, and endeavour by all means  
 "possible to keep them alive: But it is all to no pur-  
 "pose; for the space of four and twenty hours ge-  
 "nerally puts an end to them, and they are never  
 "heard of afterwards. Some of Envy's offspring in-  
 "deed are barren, and do not breed at all; and those  
 "who are so, spend their whole time in sucking the  
 "venom, and then spurring it out of their mouths at  
 "the rest; and this is accompanied with a noise, some-  
 "what like a human voice, only so hoarse and loud  
 "that it almost deafens all who come within the reach  
 "of the sound.

"THAT horrible figure on the left-hand of Pride  
 "is called Ill-nature; and, although she never stirs  
 "from her mother's side, yet it is not publicly known

“ whose daughter she is; nay, she herself sometimes  
“ disowns her parentage, and insists upon it, that  
“ she made herself: but the goddess knows how to pu-  
“ nish such ingratitude, and will not let her have one  
“ votary, till she has asked pardon, and acknowledg-  
“ ed her descent: then she has the power of exerting  
“ herself as much as she pleases; and it is amazing  
“ how many inventions she contrives, to rack and tor-  
“ ture the minds of others.

“ PERHAPS you may be surprized to see here ma-  
“ ny beings, of whose existence you may be certain,  
“ and yet know not that Pride, born of great Folly, was  
“ the original of them all. Here Cruelty and Tyranny  
“ take up their habitation, nay, even Luxury often  
“ worships our goddess, though her birth is dubious,  
“ and she pays her court alternately here, and to the  
“ goddess of Pleasure.” I replied, that she judged  
right, for that I did indeed see many persons there, of  
whose descent I had been hitherto doubtful. I begged  
her to tell me in what manner Pride rewarded her fol-  
lowers; she told me she could not stay any longer with  
me, for she was called upon to assist in that ceremony,  
which could not be performed without her; but if I  
would observe her narrowly, I should be able to satis-  
fy my own curiosity. In saying this, she left me, and  
advancing immediately to the throne, threw herself at  
Pride’s footstool.

PRIDE raised and embraced her, saying; “ My dear  
“ Deception, I must confess you perform your duty, in  
“ bringing me and my offspring those worshippers,  
“ we so justly merit; and, if it was not for my natu-  
“ ral antipathy to the word Thanks, I am not sure, that  
“ I should not acknowledge you deserve them: but go,  
“ reward my votaries in the usual manner.”

DECEPTION bowed low, and seemed greatly re-

joined at her command; she then went round to every inhabitant of the palace, who each of them gave her a little picture, through the middle of which she made a hole with a small screw, (of which she was provided with great numbers) and left the screw in it. The moment my fellow-travellers saw this done, they all began to beckon, and call to her at once. She went to them as fast as possible one after another; they caressed her at first with great joy, but by their distorted countenances, I visibly perceived, she contrived some method of putting them to great pain.

WHEN the ceremony was over, I called to her, and begged an explanation of what I had seen. She frowned, and expressed much ill-humour, at being obliged to gratify me, and then began by saying; "I thought  
 " your own penetrating eyes would have unravelled  
 " the mysteries of this place; but since I find it is otherwise, and it is my unhappy lot to reveal them  
 " unto you, know that all those pictures, through  
 " which you saw me put the screws, are hieroglyphical representations of some virtue or faculty of the  
 " mind: for example, that given me by Insolence, is  
 " a representation of Greatness of Mind; that by  
 " Spiteful Criticism, of Learning and Understanding;  
 " that by False Ridicule, of True Wit; that by Ill-  
 " Nature, of Justice; that by Envy, of Penetration;  
 " and so all the rest. I have the power of screwing  
 " into the bosoms of all who love and caress me, that  
 " picture, of which they make choice. This puts them  
 " to great pain, but yet they are so eager to have it  
 " done, that they suffer it very patiently. Sometimes,  
 " when I meet with any small seed of that virtue or  
 " faculty of the mind, which my picture only falsely  
 " represents, I am at great trouble to root it out; but  
 " then the reflection, how much I impose on these



“fools, (who by cultivating and improving this seed,  
“might really possess what they suffer so much only to  
“fancy they possess) doubly overpays my labour, and  
“I am ready to burst my sides with laughing. The  
“moment I have screwed my picture into the bosom  
“of my goddess’s worshippers, they have a power of  
“turning their eyes inward, and looking at it for the  
“rest of their lives. In this, and in endeavouring to  
“prove to others that this representation is reality,  
“they spend their time, and grow very fond of all  
“those who either do believe them, or tell them they  
“do; but those who are too faithful to try to impose  
“on them, and would be glad to take from their bo-  
“soms this painful screw, and in its stead place there  
“what is truly valuable, they hate and never forgive.  
“This is the cause of a very great part of the discord  
“and contention in the world. But whenever two  
“people meet, who have the same representations in  
“their bosoms, they are then apparent friends, though  
“generally secret enemies. I have no power to do  
“this to any but those who voluntarily caress me; and,  
“with the exception only of some few persons whom  
“curiosity draws hither, all who enter this place are  
“fond of me.”

HERE she ceased: I stood a small time astonished at what she had told me; and then desired her only to inform me of one thing more, namely, whether Pride never rewarded her followers with fine equipage, grandeur, finery, &c. My guide smiled, and said that was the common question of the curious. But, continued she, “My goddess scorns to give such rewards, her votaries are often seen in rags: But Vanity, who is so distant a relation of hers that she will hardly deign to own her, keeps her court not a great way off;

"whither if you will go, you may see what by mistake  
 "you imagined was to be found here."

I PRESENTLY set out as directed to Vanity's court; but the road was so encumbered with ribbands, fringes, gold and silver lace, and all sorts of finery, that my feet were entangled every step I took; and the prancing horses which drew after them gilt coaches and chariots, were like every moment to have run over me; so that it was so tiresome, I left it, and turned up another path, and endeavoured to find my way back again to the gates, very melancholy that I had found no palace where I could wish to stay: but I had now no guide, and was bewildered in my own thoughts; when turning my eyes on my right-hand, I saw, in a narrow winding lane, a small party that seemed to walk chearfully on, notwithstanding any difficulties they encountered on the road. Curiosity led me to join them; and as soon as I came within their reach, the hindmost held out a friendly hand to help me on; for here, quite contrary to all the other companies I have described, every one helped his next neighbour as much as lay in his power, which softned the roughness of the way, and made the most rugged paths seem easy to us. Our guide's name was Patience; and her continual smiles and merry countenance gladdened our hearts, and made us forget every disagreeable thing in our passage. Just as we were getting out of this intricate path, and saw before us the most beautiful prospect imaginable; at the very opening of the gate that led to this charming scene, were Avarice, Ambition, Pride, and Pleasure; in short, all the deities at whose palaces we had already been, were assembled, in order to prevent our entering it, and by the arts they used, they greatly lessened our train. But we the few resolute who overcame them, the moment we had forced

our way through, were delivered by Patience over to Truth, who conducted us on to the palace of Benevolence. Under the direction of such a guide, we seemed to fly rather than walk; the prospect enlarged, and the road grew broader every step we went. When we arrived, at the command of our guide all the gates flew open; and the countenance of all the inhabitants was enough to infuse joy and gladness into the most insensible hearts. The goddess of the place, who is called Benevolence, or Real Love, makes it her whole study hourly to enhance the pleasure of her followers. On her right-hand sits Soft Compassion, ever studying the good of her objects; and on her left is placed Gentle Tendernefs, with eyes overflowing with tears of sorrow or of joy; though in this happy place the latter was most times the case. In all the other palaces I had heard of these two beings, especially in that of Pride, but till now never saw any signs of them. I had so often heard it disputed whether they had any existence at all, that I was overjoyed at the sight of them. The very words Malignity, Anger, Strife, Envy, &c. were banished hence; and what elsewhere would be called the height of friendship, here was but the common behaviour of every man to his acquaintance; the rule of their lives was the gospel. In short, here christianity was really taught and really practised. Error and infirmities even here crept in, but they served only to promote the humility and penitence of the offenders, and exert the compassion and good-nature of all the rest. The sentence, "They deserve no pity because it is their own fault," however common it may be in the world, was never heard in this place; on the contrary, compassion was here heightened, in proportion, as the grief of the sufferer must be the greater. Here an innocent inclination was always sure to be gratified; be-

cause the very hinting such an inclination was reason enough for whoever heard it, to endeavour to fulfil it without any Why's or Wherefore's. If it would but stand the test of being innocent, all farther examination ceased. Here all common amusements were heightened into pleasures, by being participated with others; and the moderation with which they were enjoyed, prevented any ill consequence from attending them. Here every relative duty, such as that from parents to children, and that from children to parents, &c. were so exactly performed, that no complaints of heart-breaking torments from the ill usage of others were ever heard; nor was that sort of melancholy to be seen on any countenance, that indicates a mind tormented by tender grief. Here every seed of real unaffected virtue was cultivated and improved; and, consequently, all the real happiness human nature is capable of, was here enjoyed, and doubled by the hopes of yet greater.

I was so pleased with this scene, that I wished never to lose the view of it; but alas! I awoke, and all the vision vanished from my eyes.



## LABOUR, HEALTH, AND CONTENTMENT.

AN ALLEGORY.

**L**ABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: But having a de-



fire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right-hand, who by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of chearfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister.

IN this manner they travelled over forests, and thro' towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom.

AT their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour: she suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in the child-birth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.



# THE MOUNTAIN AND TEMPLE OF FAME.

## A VISION.

**I** THOUGHT I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in an human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens cloathed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities; those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

ON a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils: some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs: In short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good Dæmon, who stood at my right-hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel, without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

WE left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the

place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths, which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had its right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way: Crouds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death. The spectre that guarded the other road, was Envy: She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: But on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the



travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: It had four folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to the palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

ON a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a croud of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into a great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The

next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right-hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddesses of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

JULIUS CÆSAR was now coming forward; and tho' most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

THE next who advanced was a man of an homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right-hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would have himself taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

HE had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

WE waited some time in expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to Polybius, who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

THE Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: Upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit; to which he added, that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear

smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

AFTER a short pause Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove amongst themselves which of them should shew him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned, than the military Worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw up the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and Worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy. That may be very true, said Socrates; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of ma-



thematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

SEEING this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimera's, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full: At the upper end sat Hercules leaning an arm upon his club; on his right were Achilles and Ulysses; and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: The lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprize, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff: But those of the upper end received it with disdain; and said, if they must have a British Worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

WHILE I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and living.





ADVICE TO THE LADIES: A VISION. AD-  
DRESSED TO CLOE.

**M**ETHOUGHT I was unaccountably convey-  
ed into the most delicious place mine eyes e-  
ver beheld: it was a large valley, divided by a river of  
the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each  
side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with  
flowers of an infinite variety, which as they were re-  
flected in the water, doubled the beauties of the place,  
or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful  
than the real. On each side of the river was a range  
of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost  
as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of har-  
mony.

I HAD not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I  
perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent  
temple. The structure was antient and regular. On  
the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same  
shape and dress that the poets usually represent Time.

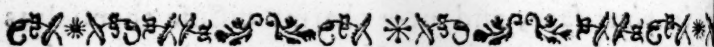
As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a near-  
er view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful  
than any I had before discovered in the whole place.  
I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess that this could  
hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so;  
you lay extended on the flowers by the side of the ri-  
ver, so that your hands, which were thrown in a ne-  
gligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes  
were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the sa-  
tisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to con-  
template several other charms, which disappear when  
your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tran-

illity you slept in, especially when I considered the easiness you produce in so many others.

WHILE I was wholly taken up in these reflexions, the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noise; and lifting up mine eyes, I saw two figures, in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer view, I found them to be Youth and Love. The first was incircled with a kind of purple light, that spread glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch in his hand. I could observe, that all the way they came towards us, the flowers appeared more freely, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, than they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach, methought I saw a new bloom rise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but, to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

AFTER a short time, Youth (displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew away. Love still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand, into the river. The god, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw a hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley.

His eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank, the river from the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew him to be Old-A. You were seized with the utmost terror and amazement at his approach. You endeavoured to have flight, but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I was so startled at the sight, that my sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to consider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a meaning.



## J U S T I C E.

## A V I S I O N.

I Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers, who are my intimate friends and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) who according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in



glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not hold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, I may be allowed that expression, without suitable citations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects: For on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasures to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature; and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet, I no longer fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, for I know not which to call it, that seemed to rise out of my evening-meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess the wildness of imagination, which in a dream is always loose and irregular, discovers itself too much in several parts of

**THE** THOUGHT I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entered me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in brightness and lustre, I soon found that it approached to-

wards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great gloom, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

THERE streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded it more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, she made the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow which appeared in that assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict then pronounced, "That all titles and claims to

aces and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner." Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of Truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falshood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, "The mount of restitution;" to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

ONE might see crouds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was,

to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

THE next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children "to repair to their true and "natural fathers." This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and batchelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, "That all the posts of dignity "and honour in the universe should be conferred on "persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection." The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the croud: But as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, ei-



ther military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the center of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people used to gather about a regiment that were exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: In the first were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last, without the positive command of the goddesses who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column: Behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess; I was very much surprized to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddesses, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and

bid them know themselves for no other but the lacquies of the learned.

THE third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front; at which the others shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men, who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

ALL were surprized to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

THE male world were dismissed by the goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their fa-

ces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddesses, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, were so very great, that the goddesses was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important affair among woman-kind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddesses, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, that every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful. This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might shew their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious

to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddesses, but in reality to shew fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.

THE goddesses then let down the mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and shew people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddesses so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

IT is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror; multitudes started at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld



a Harpy, and the subtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprized at their own charms, and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: Her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I WAS impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure: Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discouraging her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images,

should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

THIS detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the goddess pronounced, was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction, should lose the use of speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and, what should be the end of all punishments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of this assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of—I found by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters, but by her saying no more, I perceived she

had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones, either dumb or big-bellied: But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

THIS vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprize, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has ve-

ry finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out in the following rapture:

—Yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews.  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally: And, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.



## THE TEMPLE OF VANITY.

### A VISION.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in:



And indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it The Paradise of Fools.

PERHAPS the latter part of this reflexion may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

METHOUGHT I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

WHEN we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke: She seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: And it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifica-

tions which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

AT last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick-woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth: And as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of vanity appeared in sight.

THE foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

AT the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his merit a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing

Honour, that had nothing to shew in but an old coat of his ancestors atchievements: There was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Galantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood before her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treasuries: He made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces; Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things; Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar; and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a

voice in the croud, bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-Dealing, put on a Vizard, and turned away: Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it, that at least he must be Ill-Manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I HAD already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crouding in upon us. Folly and Broken-Credit were seen in the house before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn and Poverty brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude, or little company, he mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But these, added he with a disdainful air, are such who would



fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place nor their riches its expences. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-Dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others. But when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of esteem which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the palace were sensible of this descent, I cannot tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of Vanity.



## REPROOF AND REPROACH.

### A VISION.

**I** Was considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him, the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflexions with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

HERE, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream: and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the

one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I WAS at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion. "Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tyger." This struck me with horror; which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage; for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful; and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so affrighted me.

As we went along, "To inform you," says he, "with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach; both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent, Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her; and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers, make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies."

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks,

which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, straight, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach, who had already gotten thither, was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower: from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice, that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it; and presently called to mind, that this was the ancients emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies: but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear; and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence, as Democritus had reported, they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the knowledge of mankind. Here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.



BUT how different was mankind in this view, from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots; and in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation, made them turn into assemblies of geese: their lips hardened to bills by eternal using; they gabbled for diversion; they hissed in scandal; and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents; and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles; their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies; and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpeners had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their

appearance, and fed on swarms of flies, which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill-cock; he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear; the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature: but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw. My eyes began to moisten; and, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner. "You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourself from that degeneracy, by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive and

“growing upon them; handle the matter as you see  
“reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous  
“affection; sometimes plainly describing the degene-  
“racy in its full proper colours; or at other times  
“letting them know, that if they proceed as they have  
“begun, you give them to such a day, or so many  
“months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Nei-  
“ther neglect your more remote acquaintance, where  
“you see any worthy, and susceptible of admonition;  
“expose the beasts whose qualities you see them put-  
“ting on, where you have no mind to engage with  
“their persons. The possibility of their applying this  
“is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that  
“they made the pictures of animals explain their  
“minds to one another instead of writing; and indeed  
“it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out  
“of their mute condition, and taught them to speak  
“for themselves with relation to the actions of man-  
“kind.”

My guide had thus concluded; and I was promi-  
sing to write down what was shown to me for the ser-  
vice of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous  
old servant of mine.





## THE PERSIAN GLASS-MAN.

## AN ALLEGORY.

**A**LNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket, says he, cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will in a very little time rise to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there

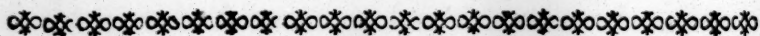


but still continue my traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech: as, Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.

“WHEN I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour:

then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

ALNASCHAR was intirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.



BE WISE AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY.

## AN ALLEGORY.

**F**ORTUNE stands exposed to false accusations: numbers complain of her neglect, whilst not a soul is grateful enough to acknowledge her favours. This disaffection spreads even among the brutes. The most discontented however amongst them, was also the foolishest, the poor simple ass. He went from one assembly to another braying forth his grievances, and found not only compassion but applause, especially from the mob of animals.

ONE day particularly, being advised by many, tho' accompanied by none, he presented himself at a general audience given by the supreme Jupiter, with that excess of fervility which is practised by weak minds: having obtained the favour of a hearing, he pronounced wretchedly, the following more wretched harangue.

"Most equitable Jupiter, whom I implore rather as the redresser of my misfortunes, than the avenger of

my wrongs: you see here before your majestic presence, the most unhappy, besides the most ignorant of brutes; humbly representing his hard case, in the hopes of your compassion and relief. How comes it, O sovereign arbiter of the universe, that your justice can suffer the partial dispensations of Fortune, that blind, tyrannic, and to me, especially, cruel step-mother? who, though Nature has made me the simplest of all creatures, which is the strongest argument for her protection, on the contrary, adds to that clog the load of her unkindness, and marks me out for folly and discontent. The proud lion triumphs, the tyger ranges the woods with freedom, the fox cheats every one, and the more he is cursed, thrives the more, and the sheep fattens for the gaunt prowling wolf. But I alone, who do no one any injuries, suffer them from all. I eat little, work a great deal, am never curried but with blows, and what is worse than all, am often ridden by lubbers to market with a load of trash."

THIS piteous speech moved all present to compassion. Jupiter alone, superior to vulgar emotions, preserved the same judicial severity of countenance; and now extending that arm, upon which he had not so much reclined, as made use of to stop the ear reserved for the other party, commanded Fortune to be brought before him to answer this charge.

NUMBERS officiously set out in quest of her, soldiers, students, and other votaries. They searched several places for her, but found her not. They asked every one they met for her, but none could give them any tidings. They came at length to the superb palace of Power, but the confusion and hurry with which every thing was transacted, was so great, and every one was so busy in his own concerns, that without waiting for an answer, they concluded that Fortune could not take

up her abode amidst such perpetual noise and disquiet. They therefore repaired to the house of Wealth, where Care the door-keeper told them, it was true she had been there, but only *en passant*, having staid no longer than to recommend some faggots of thorns, and pillows stuffed with tenter-hooks, all labelled, numbered, and marked Treasures. From thence they went to the garden of Beauty, but finding it under the care of Folly, they asked no questions, but went on till they came to the cell of Learning: here Poverty assured them that Fortune had never visited their habitation, but that they expected her every hour.

THEY had now but one more abode in which to look for her, which stood on the right hand side of a narrow road. They were obliged to knock hard at the door, which they found strongly fastened. At length an exceeding beautiful maid appeared, who upon their inquiry told them with great affability, that her name was Virtue. At her summons, Fortune came out from the innermost apartments, where she constantly resided, secure from the insults of the usurper Opinion, who often sets up a phantom of her own, and imposes it upon the world for Fortune herself: she saluted gracefully those who came in quest of her, who signified to her the mandate of Jupiter, which she instantly obeyed, and went with them.

SHE appeared with the utmost reverence at the foot of the sacred throne, and the whole court paid her particular respects, every one trying to exchange a smile with her.

“How comes it, O Fortune! (said Jupiter, sternly) that I am every day troubled with repeated complaints of your proceedings? I allow, however, that it may be difficult to content numbers, and impossible to content



all: I know too that most men account that ill, which goes well with their neighbours, and instead of being grateful for the much they have, murmur for the little that is denied, which is often more the gratification of wanton desire, than the supply of real want. They look with an envious eye on the happiness of others, without reckoning on the drawback of their miseries: but, as to themselves, they act just the contrary. They can discern the splendour of a crown, but not the care and inquietude of wearing it. Thus far then I acquit you, nor have I regarded any complaints, till those of this unhappy creature, which carry some shew of justice with them."

FORTUNE glanced her eye upon the afs, and would have smiled; but awed by the remembrance of where she was, she checked herself, and composing her countenance to great gravity, said, "Mighty sovereign, I have but one word to offer in my defence, which is this; if he is an Afs, of whom ought he to complain?" This answer turned the laugh entirely on her side, and was even admitted by Jupiter, who in confirmation thereof, and more for the instruction than consolation of the silly accuser, said:

"UNHAPPY brute! never would your lot have been so wretched, had you been wiser. Use the means, and you will never fail of the end. Let all be undeceived of their errors, and know that happiness and unhappiness are but other words for prudence and folly."



## RICHES AND GLORY.

## AN ALLEGORY.

**R**ICHES and Glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, lords and priests, immediately lifted beneath their standards, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a more remote part of the country, they by accident set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd, whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his sollicitude the next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety, and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and rest. Here, with his favourite Sylvana, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown, and unknowing a world that could only instruct him in deceit and falshood.

OUR two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. How insupportable it is, cried Glory, thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing! Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man who thus slight our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquillity, and teach him to reverence our power!—Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting. Dear shepherd, cries Glory, how do I pity

your poor simplicity! To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, certainly might create even the compassion of the Gods. Leave, pry'thee leave a solitude designed only for ignorance and stupidity; it is doubly to die, to die without applause. You have virtues, and those ought to appear, not thus lie hid with ungrateful obstinacy. Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee. I promise you a certainty of success; you have only to chuse whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be sure of finding respect, riches, and immortality.

AT so unaccustomed an invitation, the shepherd seemed incapable of determining. He hesitated for some time between ambition and content, till at length the former prevailed, and he became, in some measure, a convert. Riches now came in to fix him entirely; and willing to make him compleatly the slave of both, thus continued the conversation: Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists. You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man, formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life, only in obliging his mistress, playing upon a pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture, improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps shuddering at the winter's breeze? Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures attending the rich! What sumptuous palaces they live in; how every time they leave them seems a triumphal procession; how every word they pronounce is echoed with applause: Without fortune, what is life but misery? what is virtue but sullen satisfaction?—Money, money is the grand mover of the universe; without it life is insipid, and talents contemptible.

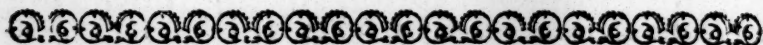
THE unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions; his mistress, his flock, are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast. In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youthful mind bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the Muses; and he began, by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admission among the men of wit, and he gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour. He published criticisms, to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon Satire attacked him with all its virulence; he found, in every brother wit, a rival, and in every rival, one ready to depreciate whatever he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train, that offered beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns.

HE next took the field in quality of a soldier: He was foremost in avenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in mounting every breach: With a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon Envy began to pluck the hard-earned laurel from his brow: His conquests were attributed not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

AGAIN, therefore, the shepherd changes, and in his own defence retired to the cabinet from the field. Here,



become a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, mends treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace, in procuring the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere. Drunk with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he is now taught only to speak what he never intends to perform. His faults disgusted some; his remaining virtues more: At length, however, his system fails; all his projects are blown up; what was the cause of misfortune, was attributed to corruption and ignorance; he is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Riches, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long-forsaken cottage; again assumes the rustie robe of innocence and simplicity; and, in the arms of his faithful Sylvana, passed the remainder of his life in innocence, happiness, and peace.



## THE CALIPH OF EGYPT.

## A VISION.

**B**OZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crouded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that slit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. Can that God be benevolent, he cried, who thus wounds the soul as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers

of happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer!

AT that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished caliph, and said with a majestic smile, Follow me to the top of this mountain.

Look from hence, said the awful conductor, I am Caloc, the angel of peace, look from hence into the valley.

BOZALDAB opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale meagre and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

INHABITANT of heaven, cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts. Peace, said the angel, and observe.

HE looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

WILL heaven permit such injustice to be practised? exclaimed Bozakkab.—Look again, said the angel, and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishest the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.

THE caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of



the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houria.

GRACIOUS Alla!—it is my son, cried the caliph—O let me hold him to my heart! Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision, replied the angel: I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth. And why, returned Bozaldab, was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not permitted to be a witness of so much felicity and power? Consider the sequel, replied he, that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

HAPPY, said Caloc, is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.

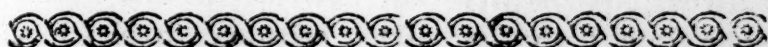
It is enough, cried Bozaldab; I adore the inscrutable

table schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!

CAST away the dagger, replied the heavenly messenger, which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of eternal wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.

THE angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.





## AN EASTERN VISION.

ONCE, when I retired to my home, my mind full of disagreeable observations, and pointed fatires on all States, on all conditions, and on myself, I fell into a profound sleep, and dreamt. I fancied myself transported into a solitude, and, far from the faults that had given me offence. I walked about with tranquil joy in the forest, and, under its pleasing shade, thought I was no more exposed to the follies of men.

THE sun had risen over the horizon; his rays gilded the verdure that lay between him and me, and gave transparency to the foliage. I heard the songs of a multitude of birds; I was attentive to their accents; I observed their diversity, as well as that of their forms, their flight, and their plumage. The nightingale, the blackbird, the raven, the wood-lark, the jay, the linnet, the eagle, the dove, sung, whistled, cawed, cried, piped, jumped about, fluttered, flew, soared, or hovered.

HEAVEN suddenly granted me the faculty of understanding their different languages. I heard the eagle rallying the owl on his fight; the dove gave a very indifferent character of the morals of the hawk, who sneered contempt at his effeminacy; the black-bird passed some severe jokes on the eagle's cry; the jay and magpye chattered away like two scolds, upbraiding the raven for his gloomy looks, and ridiculing the sparrow for his mean appearance.

I SAW a very extraordinary figure come down from Heaven; it was a young man, whose body had the colour of snow, on which rose leaves might have been scattered; he had large blue wings, the extremities of

which were gilded; his hair was black as ebony; his eyes were of the colour of his hair, and so piercing, that the hypocrite could not withstand their looks. He alighted upon a plane-tree which rose above the cedars of the forest; he called to, by their names, the different kinds of birds; I saw them perch about him on the branches of the cedars; he ordered silence, and thus spoke to them:

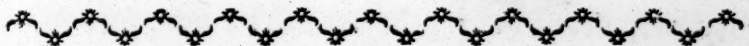
LISTEN to what I have to reveal to you on the part of the great Being. Ye are all equal in merit; ye are different in qualities, because ye are destined to different functions.

THE eagle is calculated for war; his cry, the expression of strength, can have no harmony: The owl could not catch in darkness insects and reptiles, which he is destined to purge the earth of, if his eyes could bear the brightness of the sun: That the nightingale and wood-lark might have a sweet and light voice, they should have been endowed with delicate organs: The dove, born for love, revels under the shade, where nothing interrupts the pleasure of his amours; what should the bill and talons of the hawk add to this pleasure? Remain as ye are, without regret and without pride; obey differently the impulses of nature, and consider, in your species, differences, and not defects.

HE spoke, and I saw the birds disperse in the forest, and the genius soar to Heaven, casting on me a look full of expression. I awoke, and said to myself: Shall I, hereafter, require in the judge the politeness of the courtier; in the priest, the frank behaviour of the soldier; in the merchant, the disinterestedness of the sage; in the sage, the activity of the ambitious! Me it is thou hast come to instruct, O heavenly genius! Thy lessons will be ever graven on my heart, and my lips shall repeat them to men.



BRETHREN! we set out together on a journey; some to the north, others to the south; we require neither the same cloathing, nor the same provisions. We live in one family, of which the head has given us goods of a different nature. Of what service will the instruments of ploughing the ground be unto him whose design is to lop and prune the trees of his orchard?



### THE PUNISHMENT OF THE IDLE IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

#### A V I S I O N.

**I** WAS conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions; where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day; there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, What they had been doing? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared upon one another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp. Upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And

you, Madam, says the Judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year: what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she; being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman. Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheefes, and left my eldest daughter with him to look after his house in my absence; and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And for you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he; but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question; and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time. The one took her by the hand, to convey her to Elysium; the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar; and being asked, what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of

young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times. I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question; What have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader. And spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing, that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so

that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar: and being asked, What she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to the years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays——Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I WAS then surprised with the distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with; and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great, that it awakened me.







## CHREMYLUS AND PLUTUS.

## AN ALLEGORY.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of his temple. The person he chanced to see, was, to appearance, an old, fordid blind man, but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight from him, and left him to strole about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if e-

very one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gout, dropsies, unweildiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Esculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods and justice towards men; and, at the same time, by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till, in the last act, Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since his late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the allegory was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal, which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.



## P L E A S U R E   A N D   P A I N .

## A N   A L L E G O R Y .

**T**H E R E were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

**T**H E middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these opposite families. Jupiter, considering that this species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature, which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

PLEASURE and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But, upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious, who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous, who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

BUT notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or, on the



contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.



## THE DROP OF WATER.

### A FABLE.

**A**S arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes of prudence have no share in our advancements.

THIS is beautifully illustrated in this little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflexion: "Alas! What an inconsiderable creature am I in this "prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no "concern to the universe: I am reduced to a kind of "nothing, and am less than the least of the works of "God." It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up, in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.



## HUMANITY REWARDED.

## A FABLE.

**A**S Fatima was musing one day in her chamber, she perceived a fly entangled in a spider's web: the struggles it made to get loose, awoke her pity, and the exultation with which it soared about in the air, when she had delivered it from the danger, shewed its sense of the blessing of liberty. This thought awoke repinings in the mind of Fatima, that made all the splendour and pleasures of the serail tasteless. She retired into the garden, to indulge her restless meditations, till wearied with wandering, she laid her down by the side of a fountain, under the shade of a palm-tree; she had not enjoyed the refreshment of slumber long, before she was awoke by a poignant sting, from a fly, upon her lip: she started, and looking round to be avenged of the disturber, saw a monstrous serpent creeping towards the place, where she had been asleep. This sight made her forget the pain, that awoke her: she fled the place directly; and stopping, as soon as she thought herself safe from danger, to return thanks to heaven for her escape, she saw a fly, hovering, and playing about her, with all the signs of pleasure it could give, which she soon knew to be the same she had delivered, by its soaring off into the air, in the same exulting flights as before. Fatima acknowledged the benefit, and from that time never missed an opportunity of shewing kindness to every creature she met; convinced that it was in the power of those which appeared most contemptible, to make a grateful return of the obligation.

## B A R B A R I T Y P U N I S H E D.

## A F A B L E.

**Z**EMROUDE was the daughter of the caliph Haround Alraschide, by his best beloved sultana, Zelide. The beauties of her form equalled the splendour of her birth; but her mind was not answerable to either: pride sullied her charms; and cruelty made her power terrible to all who approached her. Her father was alarmed at such an abuse of his favour, and restrained her hand, till reason should amend her heart. But his pious intentions were frustrated, by the malice of her evil genius, who turned all her rage upon the defenceless, innocent creatures, whose unhappy destiny subjected them to her power. Her every step crushed out the lives of the most harmless insects of the earth; the most beauteous insects of the morning she transfixed with her bodkin; and smiled with savage pleasure at their helpless writhings: her favourite monkey she starved to death; and burned out the eyes of her humming birds, with an heated needle.

SUCH a disposition provoked the wrath of heaven: the angel of death was sent to put an end to her cruelty, in a manner, that should make her sensible of its effects. Like the lion in the desert, she was walking alone in the garden of her palace, in the cool of the evening, when spying the ant, carrying its egg, to a place of safety, she ran to trample it to the earth, and pleased with the thought of killing it, in this act of paternal care, stamped her foot, with double fury,

upon it: this eagerness hastened the punishment of her crimes. The ground, upon which she stood, was hollow, and filled with the nests of every noxious insect, that infests the fields. The force, with which Zemroude stamped upon the ant, broke through the vaulted roof of this receptacle, and she sunk instantly among them. Such an invasion alarmed all their rage: they rushed in millions on the common foe, and stung her in every part, with the most enraged venom. She shrieked; she called for help; but in vain: her voice was heard; but none hastened to approach her, delighted with the exclamations of her anguish.

THUS perished the wretched Zemroude, in the very commission of her crimes, a striking instance of the wrath, with which heaven pursues cruelty against its meanest creatures: the beauty which enflamed her pride being effaced, and her body swoln into a shapeless mass, loathsome to the meanest slave, before death put an end to her tortures.





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